The Student Voice
1942-1943

Worcester State
University

The Acorn

"Big Oaks From Little Acorns Grow" — *"The Child Is Father of the Man"*

Vol. I — *WORCESTER STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE, DECEMBER 4, 1942* — No. 1

DRAMATIC CLUB TO PRESENT RETURN ENGAGEMENT

The Dramatic Club of W. S. T. C. is donning its war paint tonight! This is the night for the premiere of "Return Engagement," the dramatic club production of the year. It is an hilarious comedy written by the well-known author, Laurence Riley, who has penned "Personal Appearance." The play was directed by Miss Kathryn R. O'Donnell, the faculty advisor of the Dramatic Club. With Miss O'Donnell as its director, the play can't be anything but a finished production, containing all the fine tricks of the trade and stage business that have made her plays in the past talked of for months. "Return Engagement" promises to be all of this and more, too.

The cast is composed of some of our seasoned actors at the college, Peg Ackley, '43; Louise Spongberg, '44; Eleanor Looney, '44. It has added to its cast Matilda Runstein, '44, who took our school by storm with her superb reading of "The White Cliffs of Dover" last June. Several members of the class of '45 are included in the cast; Eleanor Wentworth, Eli Barsoum, Eleanor Kelliher, and Marion McCann. Three newcomers to the school, members of the class of '46, show definite promise in this play; they are Ann Brady, Emmett Fink, and George Laird. In addition to our own talent, that of Holy Cross has been secured for tonight's production. The actors from our neighboring college are Thomas Sullivan, and [illegible].

An able cast, a polished comedy, a successful director — the ingredients for a fine theater performance are all here! You are due for some good, hearty laughs, which you can't afford to miss. Take this opportunity to enjoy yourself and to take pride in the talents of your classmates. The time, 8:15; the place, the auditorium. Come tonight for something that will whet your theatrical appetite.

Acorn Selected as Name for Newspaper

The contest sponsored by the newspaper staff for a name for this new publication brought forth an unexpected large number of contributions. It was a most unusual coincidence that the name which should appeal to the staff most was one which was submitted by three students of three different classes! "The Acorn" was suggested by Anne McAuliffe, '43; Jacqueline Pollard, '44, and Ann Brady, '46. Congratulations!

Merry Christmas **Happy New Year**

S. T. C. HEROES

Unprecedented conditions make impossible the printing of pictures of Bob Fox and Leo Charbonneau. They will appear in the next issue.

In the meantime buy Stamps and Bonds.

P. F. C. ROBERT J. FOX
Unit No. 830
C/O Postmasster, San Francisco, Cal.

P. F. C. LEO J. CHARBONNEAU
Hq. SOS (Med.) A. P. U. 871
New York

War struck early on the portals of W. S. T. C. and despite the small number of men students at our college the call to arms found them ready, willing, and most able. Our boys! Heroes all! Our first was Robert Fox, genial, lovable Bob. He's somewhere in the Solomons now, fighting with the Leathernecks. Leo Charbonneau followed Bob; he is somewhere in England with a medical division, back to his old love, nursing.

The other boys left in quick succession. Write to them at the following addresses:

A/C. F. E. McGee, Aviation Cadet, 55th A. A. F. P. T. D., Bennetsville, S. Carolina.

Pvt. Fred R. Kelley, Jr., 563d Tech. Sch. Sq., Flight B, Rm. 714, Atlantic City, N. J.

Paul Evans, 399 Battery C., B. B. Bn., Sault St. Marie, Michigan.

Addresses of the following are uncertain: John Melia, Richard Boulay, and Alfred Barrios.

Congratulations, Junior Class!

Alumni Presents E. Harlow Russell Memorial Organ

Chapel exercises at W. S. T. C. have gained an added beauty and dignity. Senior Day, for instance, was greatly enhanced by the solemnly touching music of the organ as Seniors, newly garbed in cap and gown, marched down the center of the Auditorium to the tune of the College Hymn. The Alumni have brought something unusually beautiful into the lives of students and faculty at the college by their gift of an organ, and we are deeply grateful.

The presentation of the organ was made on Saturday, October 24, 1942, at a reunion of graduates of the college. It was presented by Miss Madelin A. Wilmarth, president of the Graduates' Association, as a memorial to a dearly beloved principal of the early normal school, E. Harlow Russell, and the organ will be known by this name.

The reunion proved a day of getting re-acquainted and acquainted with old friends and new. Greetings to the Alumni were presented by the president of our college, Mr. Clinton E. Carpenter. An organ recital was presented in the Auditorium by Mr. Neil Farrow and a vocal solo tendered by Miss Mabel McDonald. The Alumni then retired to the gymnasium for a delightful tea and equally enjoyable community singing, which was led by Mr. Thomas Higgins, one of the

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Junior Class Goes Hawaiian at Junior Prom

The Junior Prom! That exclamation point laconically expresses our sentiment towards that dance, one of the most entertaining, original, and beautiful affairs ever presented at our school. The unique manner in which the affair was carried out proves that the Junior Class rates an A plus in social knowledge and efficiency.

November 20 was the night the Juniors chose for their gala affair. The Hawaiian Islands were virtually transported to our gymnasium with its lazy tropical moon, glimmering waters, guitars, and abundant leis. The music by the Cavaliers, ever popular orchestra at S. T. C., provided the proper rhythmical background so reminiscent of those romantic isles. The Hawaiian motif was even carried out in the guitar-shaped dance orders. For a night the excited Juniors, their guests, and classmates were transported to a make-believe atmosphere that was refreshing and most enjoyable.

The climax of the evening came with the selection of a Junior Prom Queen, a tradition at the college. Miss Jacqueline Pollard was chosen by the judges and reigned most charmingly that night.

The success of the evening can be attributed to the cooperation which the entire class gave to its chairmen, who were as follows: Elizabeth A. McCann, general chairman; Grace A. Toombs, orchestra; Mary Houlihan, chaperones; Helen E. Neiminen, decorations; Eleanor Looney, dance orders. Chaperones were as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Riordan, Dr. and Mrs. Earl B. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund C. Osborne.

Newman Clubs Hold Dance

November 10 saw the annual dance between the Newman Clubs of W. P. I. and W. S. T. C. at our college gymnasium. The Holy Cross boys found their way to the dance also and to the surprise of all the male attendance was unusually large, a most surprising event in these times. The music and cider was furnished by the Tech men headed by Jack Flemming, 44. The general chairman for this dance was Mary McAuliffe, '43, assisted by the reception committee which consisted of George Maloney, chairman, Katherine Kane, and Ruth Monahan; Refreshments committee: Dorothy Holden, chairman, Maureen Cove, Eva Salviuolo, Barbara McNamara, Mary Moreau, and Philippa Brady.

Reports from the three colleges indicate that the dance was most successful.

"The trouble with most students is that they confuse masoleum with museum."

Director of the Worcester Art Museum.

Seniors Don Caps and Gowns

On Friday, November 13, the class of 1943 celebrated the official donning of caps and gowns at the regular assembly program. The Seniors marched into the Auditorium led by the class marshals, Kathryn Stafford and Frances Sullivan.

Following the opening exercises and a salute to the flag, a three-act comedy, Galzapoppin, was presented. This play was written and directed by Margaret Horan, who also played one of the major roles. The entire Senior class participated. The three acts depicted events from our college life: first, a typical classroom scene; second, a quick glimpse at a hockey practice; and last, a backwards glance at last year's Harvest Dance.

In closing, the class sang for the first time the class song, written by Eleanor De Mille and arranged by Isabelle Sandstrom. The tune is the Londonderry Air. Following the song, the Seniors marched out of the Auditorium.

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THE ACORN

(Issued monthly by students of W. S. T. C.)

Esther Lipnick, '43.....Editor-in-Chief
Christine Flynn, '43.....Associate Editor
Ruth McCurn, '43.....Literary Editor
Eleanor Looney, '44.....Columnist
Barbara Cypher, '44.....Columnist
Marion Harrington, '44.....Club Editor
Betty Holm, '45.....Art Editor
Virginia Sheehan, '45.....Business Manager
Ruth Monahan, '43.....Reporter
Barbara Stewart, '44.....Reporter
Eleanor Kelliher, '45.....Reporter
Ann Brady, '46.....Reporter

Faculty Adviser, Miss Kathryn R. O'Donnell

THE QUARTERLY

For eight years the Quarterly Review was the literary expression of the student body at W. S. T. C. It embodied the fine ideals and dignity that was characteristic of its founder, Miss Annabel C. Roe, for many years professor of English at our college. It was a magazine to be proud of. But we must forego many things in the present crisis, and so we give up the Quarterly Review with reluctance and fond memories.

It is the aim of the newspaper staff to maintain the same fine ideals of writing and to recognize the tastes and needs of its readers. It is the aim of the staff also to make our paper an expression of the school as a whole and of the times we are living in. With the precedent set by the Quarterly Review, we are sure our new publication will be greatly aided in achieving its end.

IS THE TEACHER A THIRD SEX?

It was a warm June day and Sheila and I were riding to school, talking like any two school girls of clothes, men, and school. A slang expression emitting from my friend and dittoed by myself brought forth an unexpected exclamation from a silent eavesdropper, "Pardon me for interrupting, but do teachers talk like that?" That was the pay-off, and herein lies the reason for this eruption.

I, Mary Jones am considered a regular guy until I tell people I'm going to be a teacher. I play tennis, dance the rhumba, swim, and get good marks at school; I wear loafers and sloppy sweaters, drink cokes and have a feather haircut; I like Gable and have dates and boy friends. I don't read the funnies, dislike Westbrook Pegler, think Eleanor is a bit of all right. I like teaching and consider it a challenge. I'm the average college girl, but the future that awaits me will change all that because the public demands it so. Why?

Why does it frown upon any attempt of the teacher to lead a normal life? Why does it deny her the use of modern make-up, her choice of smart clothes, her attendance at social functions, and sometimes even having a boy friend! You may shake your head and say, "She's talking through her hat. That was the valentine teacher of her grandmother's day. She wore a white apron, hair piled on top of her head, a sour look on an equally sour face, and manipulated a birch rod as though it were a wand." Some of these conditions still exist today, and the public looks upon a teacher as something other than a salesgirl, a stenographer, a buyer, or member of any other profession. They consider her as something of a third sex!

Recently a young teacher was placed in a small rural school and because the school board found a place for her to board, she must of necessity live there. The parlor where she meets her friends is reminiscent of the 18th century and the furniture including the family album and cobwebs are heirlooms also. Such an environment is hardly stimulating, and definitely not fair.

Some schools require the teacher's attendance of social functions, but deny her the right to bring her own escort; she is then subjected to having her toes trampled on by young adolescents who die a thousand deaths when they have to dance with poor Miss Jones who doesn't have a boy friend! Poor Miss Jones, indeed. Her dresses have to be a couple inches longer, nail polish is taboo in many places, and a modern haircut considered heresy! Her language has to be perfect at all times. She's been put on a pedestal, and that's gradually killing her as a person. She's become a moral prude who doesn't understand her pupils, and least of all herself!

Please don't misunderstand me. I consider the teaching profession a sacred trust and don't advocate flapper styles or fast living for anyone in that profession. I realize that a child looks to its teacher for perfection, and a teacher who is wholesome, charming, and personable with a mental hygiene point of view can be sufficient inspiration to a child. The teacher must therefore be allowed to lead a normal life without the objection of the blue and red sewing circles, who will have to find another topic of conversation besides the teacher and the minister. The public must get the teacher out of that shelf marked "She is a teacher" along with the other bottles marked "Poison, do not touch."

Exchanges:

From the Stick, Fitchburg S. T. C. publication:

(The Stick gives this warning to its girls who serve as U. S. O. hostesses as to the types of men they are likely to meet.)

1. The wolf—usually tall, blond, and hails from Texas—will start telling you how bashful he is; ten minutes alone will promptly prove him to be a liar.

2. The extrovert—might be an Indian — a proposal during the first dance is guaranteed.

3. The introvert — comes from Pennsylvania and is lonely for his farm—he'll hang around like a sheep-dog.

4. The glamour boy—an almost extinct animal — tall, handsome, and a heavenly dancer—seize him quick! Worth his weight in rubber!

(The Stick gives this warning to its boys in the service).

1. The flirt — dishwater blonde — thinks she's been around.

2. The witch—dark-haired vixen with "LaMarr air"—pawn her off on the local yokel.

3. Bessie the Bruiser—graceful as an elephant—insists on leading—steer clear of this type, they're usually persistent.

4. The glamour girl—campus queen—goes steady with an All-American quarterback — just ask her for a dance and be satisfied with that.

From the Massachusetts Collegian, publication of the Massachusetts State College.

For Freshman Only

What is Learning?

1. Largely unlearning?
2. A private affair?
3. Does it involve the wil?
4. The way of life?
5. Self-discipline under guidance encouragement?

(Ask the Seniors for correct answers!!)

Seedlings . . .

OF COURSE, the big question was, "Whom can I ask to the Junior Prom?" The best idea, i. e., to save some of the men who were left over at the Tech-Newman Club dance was stymied by the fact that there wasn't any room in Miss Kittredge's refrigerator . . . but we wrote to the War Manpower Commission for a priority number for this redistriction of men they're working on . . . A start in the right direction was the Holy Cross Purple Key Dance to which several students went in search of "material" . . . Find of the evening was one "Little Boy Blue" who turned up at the Junior Fiesta . . . Last year's first aid class was going to work in two-hour shifts watching "Hultie" because the Hallowe'en Dance made a wreck of his nervous system . . . Of course, along with the Prom, there are minor questions such as the war . . . That reminds us of the Dramatic Club play and its Army trouble. Something in the play this year has inspired successive male members of the cast to rush out and join the Army. So if you're wise you won't bring your 4F man to this one or you'll end up just another "draft widow" . . . Teachers unfortunate enough to have the Junior Secondaries in class are now forced to read the newspaper draft notices to find out the approximate attendance they may expect on any one day . . . We think that the office should include on Peg Ackley's character record this notation: "Any girl who can go steady with three fellows at the same time and keep them all happy should have little trouble handling a class . . . As the young lady said when she viewed Peg Sullivan's diamond —"Oh, I can have mine any time I want it—my family will buy me anything" . . . Included in the Spring Publishing list of the Sensational Press is a book written by one of our own students titled "Eighteen Years in the North Woods" or "Hail Oxford" . . . We notice the Seniors have found their way to the ash-trays. Don't crowd, girls, plenty of room for all . . . How's Fink coming along with his psychoanalysis of the Senior Girls? He really should change his line when he gets to the tenth girl—they're not all the same type . . . Maybelle certainly does have an exciting time on her week-end trips to New York. Never a dull moment . . . We miss all the fellows but there is certainly a definite void in Dr. Shaw's room in the seat where Paul Evans slept and drew the cutest rabbits . . . Why did Esther Kay and Eleanor go to the criminal court? Was it interesting, girls? . . . We're sure that something really would be wrong with the world and its inhabitants if Marion didn't get her 'phone calls every noon . . . "Let George do it" was a theme of the movie on Freedom the other day—but George wasn't there.

Flora and Fauna.

HOW ABOUT YOU?

The dawn broke slowly o'er a ship one day,
Upon whose fate, the life of a nation lay.
Busy were her men—a laborious crew,
Guarding a heritage for folks like you.

Somewhere else in a camp that day
Men were training and anxious—they say—
For a crack at the Japs and Hitler too,
To bring back peace for folks like you.

Beyond the white clouds, the skies of blue
Were clut ered that day with fighting men too.
Fighting and struggling to the very end
For peace—the goal of all free men.

"United to Win"—says every fighting man.
So come on America—let's do what we can!
Get busy—get going—the more we do
Is one of the ways to see this through.

Barbara Stewart, '44

ALUMNI

(Continued from Page 1)

oldest and best-known graduates of the college. Music, friends, tea—it was an enjoyable day for all.

It is our fervent hope that first, the Alumni realize our deep appreciation for such a thoughtful and delightful gift, and secondly, that they themselves return often to enjoy the music of the E. Harlow Russell Memorial Organ.

SENIORS

(Continued from Page 1)

Faculty, students, parents, and friends all were guests of the class of 1943.

During the week preceding Senior Day, the Seniors distinguished themselves from the underclassmen by certain uniformities in dress. On Monday they returned to grammar school days and one and all blossomed out in pigtails. Tuesday the classic college outfit of sweaters, skirts, socks, and saddlebacks were worn. Thursday, which of course, followed Armistice Day, the girls waxed patriotic and wore large hair ribbons of red, white and blue. Caps and gowns on Friday gave the girls their official title of "Seniors" and that ended "Senior Week."

Marion Donaldson of Auburn Joins WAAC

Miss Marion Donaldson, a graduate of the class of '37, of Auburn, is in officers' training at Fort Des Moines, Iowa. She is one of the first graduates of our college to join the WAAC'S. Before entering this organization she was vey prominent in her home town in Civilian Defense Work and First Aid.

Fridav Assemblies

The assembly committee has been working to arrange programs which will be of interest and enjoyment to the student body. This year the transportation problem has been hindering them somewhat for they are not able to secure speakers who have to travel any great distance. Miss Banigan, the chairman, has on her committee: Dr. Winslow, Mr. Jones, Miss Foster and Miss Kendrick, from the faculty and the following student members: Kathryn Stafford, Eva Salviuolo and Peggy Horan, seniors; Barbara Cypher and Marion Harrington, juniors; Eleanor Kelliher and Robert McDonough, sophomores, and Ruth Tucker, freshman.

The Friday assemblies have been very interesting ones and of a varied nature.

For future programs the committee is planning a Christmas program by the Glee Club, a series of dramatic readings, and a fashion show.

W. A. A. Members

The conference of Massachusetts State Teachers' Colleges was attended by the following members of W. A. A.: Jean Campbell, '43; Claire Boyle, '44, and Yvette Ledoux, '45. Panel discussions on sports and A. A. activities as related to the war and to physical fitness were attended by our representatives from the college.

Mr. Daniel Kelley, supervisor of physical education in Massachusetts, suggested things we may do to make us physically fit for winning the war.

1. Marching
2. Calisthenics
3. Tumbling and rope climbing.
4. Sports.

Student Council Planning Traditional Christmas Party

The Student Council launched its year's activities with the freshman orientation on September fourteenth. At this time freshmen were introduced to their sophomore sisters and heard and address by President Carpenter. The following Friday the freshmen were introduced to upperclassmates.

The first problem completed, the Student Council is now at work planning its traditional Christmas party, in the hopes of bringing a bit of joy into the life of a group of the younger children of Worcester of less fortunate economic standing.

The Council is also working at present on the problem of selling candy in the cafeteria, a problem which is indeed interesting many of the student body.

30 Add

Esther Lipnick, '43

Fred dear:

There's a hint of rain in the air and fog is enveloping our drowsy little town, gently rocking it to sleep. There's something about such a night that brings you awfully close. I can almost close my eyes and feel your presence; you, so tall and casual, walking along beside me in your old reversible, saddles, and the white sweater with the large "N" you earned for golf.

"It's going to rain," that was a brilliant deduction on my part.

"Shall we go back?"

"No, let's keep on walking." And so we walked. And cars whizzed past us. And people stared at our lethargic gate, as they hurried home to close windows before the rain began to fall. We walked far out into the outskirts of the town to where the popcorn vendor stood huddled beside his little wagon under the street lamp. The light shone down upon his battered hat and furrowed forehead as he poured some of the warm buttered stuff from the old earthen pitcher. There was a sudden gleam in his tired eyes as you said, "Keep the change." We wondered what his thoughts were on such a night, alone.

Funny the things one thinks of when ships are being sunk, and bombs are shattering homes and lives, uprooting civilization. And you might be serving somewhere on the Atlantic! Yet, here I am, thinking of walks in the rain, of chocolate cakes, of dreams, and of talks that lasted long into the night and early morning . . . we never seemed to have time enough—

Like the night we walked into Mac's after the show, and sat there hashing over the ancients and the moderns over coffee and hamburgers. I was the girl who liked Sandburg and how I tried to sell you, "Hog Butcher of the World." You were the boy that liked Byron and tried to open my eyes to the man's genius and the timeliness of his "Don Juan." I can hear you now—

"Don Juan now saw Albion's
earliest beauties,
Thy cliffs, dear Dover! Harbour, and hotel;
Thy custom house, with all its
delicate duties,
Thy waiters running muck at
every bell;—"

It was one in the morning when you walked me home, and still you wouldn't leave. Remember . . .

"Fred, I have an exam in ec tomorrow."

"You wouldn't study now.

"But Fred, I need some sleep."

"Sleep! Think of all the valuable time going to waste while people snore!" And so our gabfest continued until 3 that morning. I fell asleep in economics the next day.

Remember the night you gave me my first lesson in journalism? It was after we had seen a rather terrible marine picture and had come out of the theatre to find the rain bouncing merrily on the warm sidewalks and road. We stood under the theatre marquee debating whether to wait till the rain was over or to make a dash for the old English tavern, a bit of Tudor architecture, perched incongruously between two modern brick buildings across the street. You ended that debate by carrying me across, while people gaped at such a strange procedure. Perhaps there was something about the old English association with gallantry that made you go Sir Walter Rawleighish, but that's what I liked about you—unconventional, impulsive, do and dare!

I was starved that night and you and Woody were broke. I tried hard to look delighted over the rather unappetizing cheese sandwich and you tried to make it taste better by introducinb me to Worcestershire sauce. And then we talked journalism. Two generations of newspapermen had left their mark on you, and how you talked in their lingo of court fights, fires, and even the electrocution you had witnessed.

"So you want to be a sob sister," you said. "What do you know about newspaper work?"

"Not much, Fred. Just know I like to write . . . like the excitement of a newspaper office . . . the smell of ink . . . the rattling of typewriters . . . the barking of orders . . ."

"Honey, know how many points to an inch? Know how many agates make an inch? Know how to proofread?" Characters, layout sheets, heads, points—I was introduced to them all that night.

And remember the ride home! Woody and I rattling off French to make you angry! You promised to do something drastic, but darling that kiss wasn't drastic enough because Woody and I rattling off a la francaise.

It was fun even saying goodbye. It was midnight when we took the cab to the station. You with all your belongings . . . your newly acquired sheepskin . . . your prize thesis . . . and the golf clubs which you treated like a new-born babe, only you said they cost even more. I wonder what the cab driver thought of our conversation?

"30 add?" you said tilting my chin to look in my eyes.

I shook my head.

"No?" you asked, and you looked terribly puzzled.

"Freddy," I asked, "I don't understand."

"Honey, you're the girl who wants to be a newspaperwoman! When there's a sequel to a story . . ."

"Oh," I interrupted, "you mean 'to be continued.'"

"Well," you went on rather gravely, "is it good-bye or is it so long?"

"So long," I said.

And Fred dear, I hope it is. Good luck wherever you are—

Always,

Gypsy.

Kappa Delta Pi

Members of Kappa Delta Pi were guests of Dr. William B. Aspinwall at his home for the first meeting of the year. Plans for the year were discussed with the following new officers: Agrippina Macewicz, president, Florence Newfield, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, Aldona Lapinskas, recorder historian, Gertrude Hunt, counselor, Miss Myra Fitch.

Miss Agrippina Macewicz, '43, president of the Gamma Chi Chapter of Kappa Delta Pi has announced the following students, who have made outstanding scholastic records, are new members of this National Honor Society: Seniors, Eleanor DeMille, Elizabeth Driscoll, Ann McAuliffe and Dorothy Bell; Juniors: Helen Nieminen, Eleanor Looney, Jacqueline Pollard, Claire Boyle, Marion Harrington, Margaret Scarry, Grace Tombs, Richard Beals, Frances Weatherbee, and Muarguelite Sullivan; Sophomores: Carol Johnson, Virginia Sheehan, Katherine Kane, Janet Marsh, Marion McCann, Eleanor Kelliher, Alice Syverson, Margaret Halley, Eleanor Wentworth, and Virginia Palmer.

At the December meeting new senior members, not yet announced, will take pledges; and the highest ranking juniors and sophomore students will be invited as honor guests. The speaker for the meeting will be Miss Elizabeth Kennedy, an alumna of the college and a member of Kappa Delta Pi. Miss Kennedy is now an instructor in the Clark School for the Deaf at Northampton, Massachusetts.

Glee Club To Present Christmas Program

The Glee Club and Bach Choir are presenting a program for Christmas on December 11. This year there will be a variety of new and lovely effects —antiphonal and echo choirs, obligatos by voices and violin; and the new organ will be featured. The numbers will include:

Gloria in Excelsis Deo
French
While By My Sheep
17th Century German
Holy Day Holly Carol
Old Cornish
Hark to the Bells
Leontovich
The First Noel
12th Century English
Jesu, Joy of Men's Desiring
Bach

The last mentioned number includes a violin solo with piano and organ. The soloists will be Dorothy Bell, who will sing Jesu Bambino by Pieteo You; Ruth Tucker, who will sing Cantique de Noel; and Isabelle Sandstrom.

This year we also have another innovation—an orchestra, consisting of June Scott, at the violin; Mary Reeves, clarinet; Winifred Rushford, clarinet; and Claire Berthiaume, cello. They will play Ave Maria by by Bach-Gounod and Evening Star by Wagner.

The accompanists will be Marion Harrington, Denyse Tasse and Ruth Tucker.

Freshman Class Elects Officers

At a recent meeting of the Freshman Class, the following officers were elected: Maureen Warner, president; Florence Streeter, vice-president; Kay Murphy, secretary; Hester Hanley, treasurer; Denyse Tasse, social chairman.

June Gray and Mary McDonald were elected to the Building and Grounds Committee, Ruth Tucker to the Assembly Committee, and Ann Brady as freshman reporter on the *Acorn* staff.

STC Graduates Show Inclination for WAVES

Many of our recent graduates have shown an active interest in the WAVES and news comes to us that some already either in training or are in the process of making plans for application.

The following young women come into this category:

Miss Frances Biadasz, '35
School Street, Webster
Training for commission in the WAVES

Miss Ruth F. Coburn, '35
26 Stebbins Street, City
Training for commission in the WAVES

Miss Mary T. Flynn, '39
69 Cutler Street, City
Planning to enter WAVES

Miss Mary L. McDonald, '39
21 Oberlin Street, City
Planning to enter WAVES

Miss Edna-Mate Smith, '39
54 Sagamore Road, City
Training for commission in the WAVES

Russia, Subject of I. R. C. Meeting

The I. R. C. recognized the vital part that Russia is playing in World War II by choosing it as a topic of discussion for the November meeting of the club. Misses Marion McCann and Elsie Higgins presented papers and the club entered into a general discussion following the reading.

The club is planning a joint meeting with the History Club of Holy Cross College in the near future. Book reviews and panel discussions will also find a place in future meetings.

FRESHMEN DIRECTORY

1942

Atkoscius, Alban P.	35 Fox Street	Worcester
Barsam, Margaret	25 Bowdoin Street	Worcester
Berthiaume, Claire R.	98 South Main Street	Uxbridge
Brady, Ann M.	7 Cross Street	Uxbridge
Connolly, Ruth M.	81 West Boylston Street	Worcester
Connors, Mary J.	50 Bottomly Avenue	Cherry Valley
Conway, Barbara E.	Conway Drive	Leicester
Durrie, Ethel A.	Main Street	Millville
Fink, Emmett B.	Rhodes Street	Millbury
Foley, Mary M.	29 Hayes Street	Framingham
Gloster, Patricia A.	9 St. Elmo Road	City
Goldman, Ruth L.	93 Brantwood Road	City
Gray, June A.	210 Rivulet Street	No. Uxbridge
Hale, Janice E.	56 Hazel Street	Uxbridge
Hanley, Hester L.	200 Main Street	Monson
Krajewski, Florence J.	33 Washburn Street	City
Labenski, Regina T.	69 Harlem Street	City
Laird, George D.	5 Hollis Court	Framingham
Laurell, Ruth M.	58 Butler Street	City
Logan, Evelyn M.	40 Marble Street	City
Marshall, Alma M.	40 School Street	Northbridge
McDonnell, Mary M.	104 Green Hill Parkway	City
McGeary, Jacqueline E.	66 Myrtle Avenue	Webster
Moosey, Eleanor R.	80 Shrewsbury Street	City
Murphy, Kay M.	Bowen Court	East Douglas
Norton, Melva E.	1 Gould Street	Millbury
Reeves, Mary E.	5 Eureka Terrace	City
Rushford, Winifred J.	160 Beacon Street	City
Scott, June E.	261 Chandler Street	City
Smith, Joan T.	20 Glines Avenue	Milford
Smyth, Barbara E.	Quaker Street	Millville
Speckman, Elizabeth I.	22 Brigham Street	Northboro
Straw, Barbara E.	407 Maple Street	Marlboro
Streeter, Florence L.	728 Burncoat Street	City
Tasse, Denyse M.	309 Hamilton Street	City
Tomolonius, Barbara M.	2 Englewood Avenue	City
Trainor, Alice F.	22 Coolidge Road	City
Tucker, Ruth P.	17 High Street	North Brookfield
Warner, Maureen M.	51 Howland Terrace	City

ADVANCED STANDING
JUNIORS

Higgins, Elsie	4 Chatham Place	City
Howe, Vincent	19 Forbes Street	City
Mandell, Danella	201 May Street	City

SOPHOMORES

Holmes, Natalie	16 Chalmers Road	City
Temple, Louise	11 West Street	Westboro

LIBERTY

There is a hovel that stands bare
Against a cloudy sky, looking as
Though the earth had merely breathed
And created this senseless landmark.

Despair creeps round the edges of this
Place and hunger looks with aching
Eyes through the broken patched windows, and
A lonely tree lifts a stark finger, as if in judgment, to the sky.

Days of pain, and nights of endless misery are
The rewards the world begrudges this bit
Of dust, called man, a peculiar shadowy substance
That moves because he is forced by the mind's creation, a soul.

But once, there came a cat-o'-nine tails and tore
The flesh upon the burdened shoulders,
And spoke a language, hard and brutal, relentless
In persistence, yet senseless, for these things do not fill the empty shell of power.

And then he screamed; a howl of anguish and of terror,
Reduced to whimpering and then to silence; silence of
Freedom, ultimate, as the eye watched the man become a cloud
And settle into the earth, as dust.

Paulina Shawmut, '44

We kick about rations! "The Koreans had no shoes for two years prior to Pearl Harbor."

The Rev. Father J. Joseph Daly.

Bushong Studio

CLASS PHOTOGRAPHERS

1939 — 1943

Plan for Future Meetings

The Latin Club opened its season with a talk on the general subject of Mythology by Mr. Jones of the faculty. This will be the general theme of the year. The club is planning to have the following discussed at future meetings:

1. Classical Allusions.
2. Explanation of myths.
3. Actual reading and interpretation of myths.
4. Influence of myths on literature.
5. Influence on newspapers magazines, and advertising.
6. Influence on art.

It looks like a cultural and broadening program that the Latin Club is planning, and if you're interested in Milton and a few of the other classicists we suggest the forementioned to you.

Geography Club Meetings Timely

The general aims of the Geography Club are to further an interest in geography and to broaden the background of its members. The present crisis has brought both a need and a desire to do this. The first meeting of the club consequently dealt with a place location contest. The members were divided into two teams, each with a team captain. All places used were those prominent in the present war.

At the November meeting Dr. Shaw gave an illustrated talk on the little known Japanese Mandated Islands and their relation to the present war situation.

Eleanor Looney to Head Junior Class

The recent departure of Paul Evans, president of the Junior class, and John Melia, its secretary, left two vacancies which have been filled by Eleanor Looney and Barbara Stewart.

Eleanor Looney has been a tireless worker for her class, having served as member of the Student Council for the past two years, member of the Dramatic Club, Quarterly Review, and *Acorn* staff. We wish her the best of luck as president of the Junior class. Barbara Stewart, as secretary, will prove an able assistant.

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Le Cercle Francaise

With France in the headlines Le Cercle Francaise is certainly in the limelight, too. Our French Club opened its season by giving a tea and having a getting-acquainted meeting for its new members. At the second meeting the club saw a film on Paris, an opportunity to see the Paris that was and the Paris which we all hope will be again!

Le Cercle Francaise is also planning a Christmas Party.

A certain Sophomore Class had for its assignment the memorization of some favorite poem. One lad got up and began reciting with much difficulty Shakespeare's immortal lines, "All the world's a stage —," and went on to enumerate the many parts which man plays in it—the infant, the schoolboy, the lover. He stopped on the lover "sighing like a furnace," unable to recite the rest. The teacher said, "Why, Bardy, I never knew you were a lover—" He was interrupted by the lad, who quickly protested that he wasn't a lover. The teacher continued, "Will you let me finish, Bardy. I was about to say, I never knew you were a lover of Shakespeare."

"I'm not that either, said Bardy. "I hate the guy."

"Then why did you select that passage?"

"Oh, I had to memorize it last year for some teacher."

★

BE PATRIOTIC!

BUY UNITED STATES

WAR SAVING

STAMPS AND BONDS

★

"The novel is an emotional drive. In a biography, the writer works around, picking up clues, like Sherlock Holmes."

Esther Forbes, author of Paul Revere and The World He Lived In.

Literary Club Elects

The Literary Club elected two new officers at its first meeting. They are treasurer, Betty Driscoll, '43, and secretary, Lorraine Dunn, '45.

Franz Werfel's Song of Bernadette was reviewed at the November meeting of the club by Betty Driscoll. Refreshments followed. An assembly was presented on Tuesday, November 17. On December 1, a joint meeting and supper was held with the Penwoman's Club of Worcester.

Newman Club Sends Boxes

The first activity of the year for the Newman Club was the makeup of boxes to be sent to the first three men in the service from our school, Bob Fox, Leo Charbonneau, and F. Edmund McGee. The response from the entire school and faculty was excellent. This good will is being continued by the sending of daily newspapers to these boys by the student body. The Newman Club is being assisted by the Student Council in the latter enterprise.

Is Intercollegiate Debating Worthwhile In Wartime

By Dr. William F. Peirce

(Dr. Peirce, former president of Kenyon College, as chairman of the Board of Trustees of the American Economic Foundation, will moderate the second series of National Intercollegiate Radio Prize Debates just announced by the Foundation and for which this college has registered. The Foundation conducts the famous "Wake Up, America!" Radio Forum heard every Sunday afternoon over the Blue Network.—EDITOR).

War demands of all, student and citizen alike, discipline, prompt obedience to official authority, instant action without deliberation or discussion. But the colleges are training the leaders of tomorrow's world and the young men and women in them should and must develop the ability to think clearly and constructively. Vitally important for the nation is it that its college-bred citizens gain sound ideas about public problems and express them with a cogency that carries conviction. For such training public speaking in debate is the best and most effective instrument and every college program should include it.

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STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE WORCESTER MASSACHUSETTS

The Acorn

"Big Oaks From Little Acorns Grow" *"The Child Is Father of the Man"*

Vol. I *WORCESTER STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE, JANUARY 22, 1943* No. 2

SCHOOL DEDICATES SERVICE FLAG

Military Mutterings

"I'm looking forward to news from the States, and it is as scarce as a hen's tooth.

Since leaving the States, I have seen many unforgettable sights that I would like to tell you about, for I am sure they would be very encouraging, and your outlook on the present situation would no doubt be brighter.

I always maintained that Dick Boulay would be the first sign of inevitable victory.

You can bet that we made it our business to have a Turkey dinner with all the trimmings. I would hate to give that barbaric horde the satisfaction of disrupting our way of life.

Make the necessary sacrifices called for by the ration boards, but don't give up any pleasures cherished before the war. We are definitely on a winning team, and as you know, a winning team is jubilant.

Incidentally, I have swum in more places than Richard Haliburton.

With the Happy New Year goes a prediction, "All out for Victory before the Next One."

Bob Fox

Bob was the first student from our College to enlist, and with Bob in the Marines, we have everything sunny to look forward to.

(Continued on Page 4)

Addresses of Men Students in Service

Sgt. Leo J. Charbonneau
Prisoner of War Processing Det.
A. P. O. 600, U. S. Army
c/o Postmaster N. Y. C.

P. F. C. Robert J. Fox
U. S. Marine Corps
Unit 830, c/o Postmaster,
San Francisc., Calif.

A/c F. Edmund McGee
Flight E43c
Cochran Field
Macon, Georgia

Pvt. John Melia
Hq. Co. 2nd Bn.,
390th Infantry, 98th Division
Camp Breckinridge, Ky.

Pvt. Fred R. Kelley
22nd T. S. S.
Lowry Field
Denver, Colorado

Pvt. Richard N. Boulay
AAF TD, AAT. T S
Air Corps
Pawling, N. Y.

Pvt. Paul Evans
339 Batry C. B. B. Bu.,
Fort Brady, Michigan

Pvt. Alfred R. Barrios
U. S. Army Air Corps
Enlisted Reserve

Pvt. Charles H. Farnum
Naval Air Corps
Boston, Mass.

At the January 15 assembly the new service flag of Worcester State Teacher's College was dedicated to Victory. Parents, friends, and classmates of our boys gathered for the simple, sincere service. We have nine stars, and each star became a familiar person as Eleanor Looney and Carol Johnson spoke of them. The roll call reads:

Pvt. Fred Kelley, U. S. Army; Aviation Cadet Alfred R. Barrios, U. S. Army Air Corps; P. F. C. Robert Fox, U. S. Marine Corps; Sergeant Leo Charbonneau, U. S. Army; Aviation Cadet Edmund McGee, U. S. Army Air Corps; Pvt. Paul Evans, U. S. Army; Pvt. John Melia, U. S. Army; Pvt. Richard Boulay, U. S. Army; and Aviation Cadet Charles Farnum, U. S. Naval Air Corps.

At the close of the devotional exercises, President Carpenter spoke as follows:

"In dedicating this service flag to these boys we ask that these boys may have the strength and the courage to do well whatever tasks be theirs; and that at the earliest possible time they may return to their homes and the completion of their preparation for their life work.

"These boys continuously remember us — may we not only remember them but constantly write to them and daily resolve to make ourselves citizens worthy of their sacrifices."

Eleanor Looney continued:

"There are seven stars on our flag that are the pride of the class of 1944. Seven stars . . . one for Private First Class Robert Fox, president of the Freshman Class, president of the Sophomore Class until December 7, 1941 . . . a fighting Irishman who couldn't pass up the biggest scrap of all . . . Bob, who could sing an Irish tune with the best of them, who would rather play football than eat . . . One of the best presidents we've ever had. Now he's over in the South Pacific singing the little yellow men to sleep, probably to the tune of 'Danny Boy.' That's the first star.

"There is one for Sergeant Leo Charbonneau of the United States Army, a gentleman and a scholar — (one of the few scholars our class had.) Leo knew all the answers . . . pride of the French class, center of all intellectual discussion. Leo never did get around to playing the violin for us. Now he's giving the answers to General Ike Eisenhower in North Africa and we hope he gets another hundred on this one. That's the second star.

"Now a star for Edmund McGee of the United States Army Air Corps, much better known as Flip . . . master of the spoken word . . . anyone can give the right answer but it always sounded much harder when Flip gave it. Flip, disciple of the scientific experiment, master of the science of hypnosis. Now he is hypnotising the motors of a P-38. Every time one of those huge silver monsters roars overhead we can hear Flip discoursing to his co-pilot on the state of the weather and making it sound like a page from Koeppe. That's the third star.

(Continued on Page 3)

Dr. Shaw Shares New Book

From the press of Prentice-Hall Inc., comes a new book, *America at War*. Six expert geographers have contributed, each in his own field, to an outstanding study of the present conflict. The editor is Samuel Van Valkenburg of Clark University, who writes of "Terrain and War Strategy," "The Climatic Factor," and "America and Peace." Also from Clark come W. Elmer Ekblaw who contributes "Foods for Defense"; Clarence F. Jones, "Industrial Capacity and Supplies of Raw Materials"; and Wallace W. Atwood, Jr., "Our Land and its Coastline." Earl B. Shaw contributes "United States Atlantic Defense" and "United States Pacific Defense." Ellsworth Huntington of Yale University writes on "The Quality of the People."

Read this book! It will serve as background for your daily newspaper reading.

Student Council Notes

This year due to war conditions, our annual Christmas party was not held. Instead, under the direction of the Student Council, Christmas boxes were sent to our eight boys in the service. A small contribution was also given to the Gazette Santa Claus fund.

The Student Council, always endeavoring to find ways of keeping our boys happy, is proposing that we send Round Robin letters to them. It's a suggestion well worth considering. What do you say, S. T. C.?

An eighth grader has an original deduction which he might submit to Webster. When asked on a science quiz to define stimulus and response, he gave the following reply: "The stimulus is the question and the response the answer."

Frances Biadasz Becomes Ensign

Congratulations to Ensign Frances Biadasz upon receipt of her commission on Friday, Jan. 8. She has been shipped for active duty. She is a WAVE of whom S. T. C. can well be proud of, having set a brilliant record in defense work in Webster, before her enlistment.

Why teachers go gray. In studying causes and preventions for fire this question was put to the class: "Why should we take precautions with gasoline?"

"Oh, because it's rationed," came the quick reply.

Cheap clothing expenses are going to lure Isabel Sandstrom to the wilds of Africa when she starts to teach. Someone told her that she could get along fine all year 'round with just a gym pinney.

S. T. C. Students to Compete for Debating Prizes

Misses Katharine Kane, '45, and Eleanor Looney, '44, representing the affirmative and negative respectively of the questions "Should American Youth Support the Re-establishment After the War of Competitive Enterprise as Our Dominant Economic System" were adjudged winners of the Debating Club contest, the purpose of which was to select two speakers to compete in the national intercollegiate radio prize debates sponsored by the American Economic Foundation of New York. The National Cham-

(Continued on Page 3)

Kappa Delta Pi Holds Honor Night

The Gamma Chi chapter of Kappa Delta Pi held its annual Honor Night on Friday, December 18. Miss Elizabeth Kennedy, graduate of the class of '39, related her experiences working with deaf children.

New pledgees to this Honor Society adjourned with old members and friends to the cafeteria for entertainment and refreshments after the meeting.

The new Senior pledgees are: Dorothy Bell, Elizabeth Driscoll, Ann McAuliffe, Eleanor De Mille.

Those who attnded Honor Night from the Junior class are: Helen Nieminan, Eleanor Loon-

(Continued on Page 3)

THE ACORN

(Issued monthly by students of W. S. T. C.)

Esther Lipnick, '43 ..... Editor-in-Chief
Christine Flynn, '43 ..... Associate Editor
Ruth McCurn, '43 ..... Literary Editor
Eleanor Looney, '44 ..... Columnist
Barbara Cypher, '44 ..... Columnist
Marion Harrington, '44 ..... Club Editor
Betty Holm, '45 ..... Art Editor
Virginia Sheehan, '45 ..... Business Manager
Ruth Monahan, '43 ..... Reporter
Barbara Stewart, '44 ..... Reporter
Eleanor Kelliher, '45 ..... Reporter
Ann Brady, '46 ..... Reporter
Katharine Kane, '45 ..... Reporter

Faculty Adviser, Miss Kathryn R. O'Donnell

PEACE ON EARTH

The night is cold and bright. There is a hard brightness about the stars. There is a more golden luster around the moon. The snow is brilliant and dazzling, almost blinding. There is an intensity about Nature this year. She is here in all her beauty and it seems, yes, it seems as though she strived harder than ever before, to make the world more beautiful. More beautiful—to make you forget and to make you remember.

To make you forget that the snow is not all white this year. It is tinged with crimson. The crimson that is part of some lad's blood in Stalingrad. Some lad who fought and died. Died! Died perhaps for something he did not understand. And other lads will follow him and leave their mark upon the snow. The stain of humankind. Jesus, too, bled for others' wrongs. Is this the heritage of mankind?

To make you forget that the hearthfires within the home aren't warm — warm with the glow of happiness that once was. There is the son guarding the coast line of his country, staring out at a dark and menacing sea. There is the father, aboard a transport, cutting through submarine infested waters. There is the eighteen-year-old youngster hiding his tears and lonesomeness for his mother, on the upper berth of a ship.

There are the bright stars and the bright snow to make you forget —

There are the bright stars and the bright snow to make you remember —

To make you remember that there was snow last year and that the stars shone brightly. To make you remember that the bells rang their old promise of Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men. To make you remember that you were once happy and perhaps—perhaps you will be again. There is that constancy about nature. That constancy that must be repeated in man, too. It is the promise of nature. The promise of Life. The promise of Hope. The promise of Peace—

DAY VANISHES

Day vanishes—
The stars shine forth in all their glory,
'Tis sweet to know that friends are near.
Day vanishes—
Yet I am awake and alive
With fierce hatred and fear within me.
Fear for you.
Hatred for those who would destroy you.
Hate for those who would keep you from me.
Yes — there are those who would do so.
Why should this world be full of evil and malice?
Oh God — is there no such thing as peace?
Peace within us — peace within the world?

Barbara Stewart, '44

HANDS

Hands
Hands, the key to man's development
Hands, the instruments of the brain
Hands to create a myriad of things
To do a myriad of tasks
Tiny bones and a hundred tiny muscles
Limitless abilities

Hands to make the smallest machine and the largest bridge in the world
Hands for heavy labor and fine craftsmanship
Hands in place of speech, to tell the peoples of the world of democracy and fascism
Hands in place of ears and eyes, to touch, to feel, to see
Hands gross and uncouth
Hands to tell of love unbounded
Hands to drive a knife into the heart of humanity
Hands, the expression of man's inner soul.

Elsie Higgins, Junior E

1780 1943 WORCESTER

CULTURE AS USUAL

By Christine Flynn

—From the dawn of Worcester history in 1780, when the Quinsigamond Plantation was established, to the present day, these broad acres have husbanded industrial, social, and cultural activities of ever widening scope.

January 1943 finds us at a certain peak of our development and civically introspective because of gasoline and rubber shortages. But within the actual restrictions is a golden opportunity, — an opportunity to rediscover and to reevaluate the advantages our own city offers.

This column, *WORCESTER, Culture as Usual*, will regularly publish a list of gratuitous social, educational, and cultural events provided by Worcester institutions. Suggestions for additional data from the faculty and the student body will be welcomed by the Editor.

WORCESTER ART MUSEUM

A series of motion pictures, under the general title, *United Nations at War and at Peace*, will be held at the Museum on Saturday afternoons at three o'clock on the following dates, featuring the following subjects:

January 23, China
February 6, Canada
February 20, Mexico
March 6, South America
March 30, Australia
April 3, Netherlands
April 17, India, Ceylon

"*Architecture in Post War Planning*" designates a group of four lectures to be held on Tuesday evenings at the Museum. The dates and the names of speakers follow:

February 2, Dr. Joseph Hudnut, Harvard School of Design
February 9, Charles D. Maginnis, former president of American Institute of Art
February 16, William Lesage, pioneer of Modern Architecture
February 23, Talbot S. Hamlin of Avery Library, Columbia University

The famous *Musicales for Sunday afternoon* at three o'clock will be:

January 24, Joseph Bonnet, organ
January 31, Ruth Posselt, Violin
February 14, Mr. Bonnet, Organ
February 21, Mr. Bonnet, Organ
February 28, Jesus Maria San Roma, Burgin, Benditti
March 14, Mr. Bonnet, Organ
March 21, Mr. Bonnet, Organ
April 4, Mr. Bonnet, Organ
April 11, Harvard Glee Club

Special Recital on Museum organ by Joseph Bonnet, Museum organist, and also organist at St. Eustache Church, Paris, to be given Tuesday evening, January 26, at 9:45 o'clock.

Exhibitions

Russian Ikons through Feb. 7.
Modern Swedish Art through March 21.
New England Painting, from 1700 to 1775, to be held from February 18 through March 31.
Chilean Painting, February 18 through March 31.

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, 12 STATE STREET

The Sunday afternoon lectures at four o'clock follow:

January 24, David Kai Foo Loa, *China and Japan.*
January 27, *Our Neighbors Down the Road.*
January 31, Charles Reasby, *Russia*, illustrated.
February 3, *Brazil Gets the News, Americans All, Orchids.*
February 7, Dr. Homer P. Little, *Cartoons in Geology.*
February 14, Dr. Percy Roope, *Astronomy.*
February 21, Dr. R. Nunnemacher, *Whither Mankind.*
February 28, Dr. David Dougherty, *France*, illustrated.
March 7, Mrs. Dorothy Lowell Salter, *Kodachromes in Nature.*
March 14, Mrs. Louis J. Wood, *Covered Bridges in Vermont*, illustrated.
March 21, Dr. Erwin C. Miller, *Life, Habits, and Studies of Game Fish.*

The public is invited to lectures on Horticulture held every Thursday at Horticultural Hall, Elm Street, at 2:30 o'clock.

Seedlings . . .

Well, the play is over, the Christmas program is over, the Holy Cross debate is over, vacation is over — life is very uncomplicated right now, but not for long. Already the Freshman who has been neglecting his homework is being visited at night by the ghost of Freshmen Past or rather, Freshmen who did not pass — There are other things besides exams though (we are trying to convince ourselves) — For example, we recommend that the assembly committee look into the matter of presenting at a future Friday program Mr. Thomas "Sparkie" Sullivan of Holy Cross. He is the only man we know who can sing a song without making a sound. It's really remarkable and what a repertoire the man has! If the committee is interested, you might contact the talent scout now following the case, Eleanor Kelliher — Our Something Should Be Done About It Department—Something should be done about "that hat" reposing on the head (?) of the Leicester Flash, J. Walter Rice — it gives people on the Dawson Road Bus the wrong impression of S. T. C. Just the other day, we heard a lady exclaim at his entrance "See, Jane, nowadays the Army can camouflage anything. Not even a German would shoot at THAT."—The sunshine is gone from the Student's Lounge with our girl friend Betty McCann in the hospital, but she'll be back in a little while and we will hold Homecoming Day in the lower corridor with a Daisy Chain and Hoop Roll — We like to keep the soldier's morale as well as the next person, but if we get a chance, we're going to tell Bob Fox about Mary and Gus — Speaking of soldiers, we see that some of the boys at Camp Breckenridge, where John Melia is stationed, were assigned to help local farmers harvest their corn. A tailor-made spot for Johnnie if ever we saw one. — Some people (Names and addresses on request) tell moron jokes so realistically they sound exactly like personal experiences and in some cases the verb becomes "are" — Then there was the catty young lady who said about her friend's new coat, "Persian Lamb! Huh! That's nothing but alley cat with a cheap permanent." — We hear civilian defense authorities have told Penny Mandell that she'll have to paint out half of that bright light she's wearing third finger, left hand — Some of the girls got diamonds for Christmas — ask Elsie Higgins what she got — Personally, we didn't even get a letter from Joe and nobody came to talk for him either — But we have been getting letters from Paul and Fred and John and Dick — Too bad they can't say the same — If you can't find time to write, send them something to make them happier (say Dr. Shaw's last exam) — We're thinking of buying a few of those new speed governors that tell you when you've reached thirty-five to make rounding the corners of corridors safer (one for Eli, one for Bob McDonough, one for Clare George and forty for the Freshmen)—They say that a whole page of the Worcester Consolidated Report to its stockholders is given over to Frannie Sullivan's lurid description of the big, nasty, crowded bus leaving her stranded in the wilds of Vernon Hill. — Yes, war certainly is, isn't it? — But it's time for all good little students to start looking for their September notes that is, all except us. We keep all our notes in our heads — that way you don't need a blotter — Now we must needs be off to write notes to our instructors:

Dear Prof:

You know what an "E" means; we know what an "E" means; our father knows what an "E" means. Would you want to be the cause of adding two more ripples to the WAVES!!!

Hopefully,

Flora and Fauna

SERVICE FLAG
(Continued from Page 1)

"And a star for Pvt. Paul Evans of the United States Army. President of the Junior Class, our other best president . . . Paul knew all the geography we should have known . . . who could draw the cutest rabbits . . . who could shoot more baskets than Hank Luisetti. The friendliest kid we know . . . and the Army thinks as much of Paul as we do because out of hundreds of boys Paul has been chosen because of superior mental qualifications to attend an American University for further study. That's the fourth star.

"Now a star for Pvt. John Melia of the United States Army . . Junior class secretary. John was the other third of our math class . . . affectionately known as the "King of Corn" . . . one of the smartest boys in our class, in any class. Next week John leaves Camp Breckenridge to enter Officer's Candidate School. That's the fifth star.

"And a star for Pvt. Richard Boulay, U. S. Army Air Corps. Since Dick left, the halls of S. T. C. are strangely quiet — for Dick was the voice of the people, famous for the way he did the Polka — Dick is now in New York showing the Army that the textbooks are wrong when they speak of New Englanders as cold, proud, and dignified. That's the sixth star.

"And a star for Pvt. Charles Farnum who has just entered the Naval Air Corps. Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior Class chauffeur in the days before rationing, King of every prom, and as good-natured as they come — That's the seventh star.

"Seven stars for seven boys. Not boys who were in the class of 1944. They are the class of '44, in a little while they'll be back — Bob can be president in the morning, Paul can take over in the afternoon, Leo can answer all the questions, Flip can speak at all the assemblies, Dick can dance every polka and solo and Charlie can take that car out again — But for a little while there will be empty seats in the Junior and Sophomore Assembly sections and blue stars on the wall. This time we give the stars not to those who are present but to those who are absent, but with a magnificent excuse."

Carol Johnson said in part, "Almost two months ago Al Barrios left college to be sworn into the U. S. Army as an aviation cadet. He expected to be assigned in a few days. Two months have elapsed and he is still awaiting patiently. If Al is not assigned at the time the new semester begins, he plans to return to dear old S. T. C. and to resume his studies. As much as we dislike to deprive the army of one of the sophomores, we will all be glad to see him back here. That's the eighth star.

"Shortly before Al joined up, Fred Kelley left college to become Private Fred Kelly of the U. S. Army Air Corps. We will never be able to forget Fred's exuberant spirit in everything he did and his grand affinity for photography. A sample of his ability was given us in an assembly period last fall. Our first letter from Fred was mailed from Atlantic City, from whence he was sent after a three weeks period to the Air Corps Technical School, Lowry Field, Denver, Colorado. His dream was realized at last, and he appeared to be in his element, writing all about Chemical Apparatus, all kinds of photographic supplies, and the latest cameras with which he was practically surrounded. That's the ninth star."

Military Quiz

(Answers on Page 4)

1. Who was the chief founder of the U. S. Army and what was his rank and pay?
2. Who is our Commander-in-chief and who are his chief advisors?
3. What military slogan uttered by a famous civilian leader has been most detrimental to our preparedness?
4. What are the three components of our Army?
5. What are the "eyes of the Army"?
6. Who originated the Plattsburg training system" idea and how was it received officially?
7. What are our greatest demanding needs outside of "man power"?
8. What weapon inflicted the most casualties in World War I, rifle, machine-gun, or artillery?
9. What did the War between the States cost?
10. What is a shavetail?

The Latin Club

At the January meeting of the Latin Club, Helen Nieminen, Consul of the club, gave a talk on three myths: a Roman myth, "Echo and a Narcissus"; a Northern myth, "The Recovery of the Hammer"; and selections from a Finnish epic, "Kalevala". For the next meeting Barbara Conway of the Freshman Class will talk on "The Relation between Art and Mythology." Miss Florence Krajewski, Scriba-Quaestor of the club will act as general chairman in place of Helen Nieminen, Consul of the club, who will be apprenticing.

Betty Driscoll needs a chaperone with her on that lonely ride from here to Whitinsville. On one of her late trips home, she entered the bus to find that all of her fellow occupants were sailors. And we know how dim the lights on those night busses are.

Freshman Notes

The members of the Freshman class took a fling at dramatics on Tuesday, January 11, when they enacted a skit on the famous story of Pocahontas, renamed "Poky Huntus."

Miss Barbara Tomolonius was the narrator, while Miss Ruth Tucker and Miss June Scott accompanied on the organ and violin respectively. All members of the class participated in the presentation.

Miss Denyse Tasse, member of the Freshman class, presented a program of piano selections at assembly on Tuesday, January 5.

Among her numbers were: Chopin's "Nocturne in C Minor"; "Maleguena" by Lecuona; and "Paladin" by Laurens.

An informal dance will be held by the Freshman class on February 5. It will be a sports affair, and the gymnasium will be decorated in a very collegiate manner.

Every member of the class will aid in making the arrangements. Denyse Tasse is social chairman. The chaperons will include Dr. and Mrs. Laurence A. Averill, Miss Agnes Scribner, Miss Lena West, and Mr. Francis L. Jones.

Dancing will be from eight to twelve with music by the "Cavaliers."

I. R. C. Notes

At the last two meetings of the I. R. C. two splendid reports were given on books pertaining to present war problems. They were *Victory Through Airpower,* by Alexander P. Seversky given by Miss Maureen Warner, '46, and *The Far Eastern War* by Harold S. Quigley given by Frances Sullivan, '43.

At the February meeting Janice Hale and Florence Streeter, '43, and Margaret Scarry and Philippa Brady, '44, will participate in a debate. The question of debate is: "Resolved the United States should commit herself to feed and clothe the countries of Europe which have been liberated." The affirmative will be upheld by the Freshmen and the negative by the Juniors.

1940 Reunion

The class of 1940 held its third reunion on December 29 at Cosgrove's Chop House. More than half of the graduating number attended. Thelma Mudgett, the acting social chairman, prepared a quiz program on our school activities and events for "64 dollar prizes" of old school programs and tickets.

The permanent class officers are:

President Jean McCann, Vice-President Winifred Sullivan, Secretary Dorothy Brown, Treasurer Lillian (Newfield) Schultz, Social Chairman Mary Hunt.

Best Sellers Reviewed

At the December meeting of the Literary Club held on December 7, two of the most recent novels were discussed. *Drivin' Woman,* by Elizabeth Chevalier was reviewed by Celestine Terroy, '45, and *Days of Ofelia, by* Gertrude Diamant was reviewed by Peggy Horan, '43.

Two of the current motion pictures, *My Sister Eileen* and *Now Voyager* were discussed by the members. The meeting ended with a short social period and refreshments.

Oakleaf Staff Elected

At the December meeting of the Senior Class elections for the Oakleaf Staff took place. The staff will be composed as follows:

Ruth McCurn, Editor-in-chief; Aldonna Lapinskas, Associate editor; Katharine Stafford, Business manager; Mary Gannon, Business manager; Eleanor DeMille, Literary editor; Agrippina Macewicz, Literary editor; Mary Fleming, Literary editor; Margaret Horan, Literary editor; Jeanne Boyden, Photography editor; Frances Sullivan, Photography editor; Ruth Monahan, Photography editor; Isabelle Dunn, Activities editor.

KAPPA DELTA PI
(Continued from Page 1)

ey, Jacqueline Pollard, Margaret Scarry, Marion Harrington, Marguerite Sullivan, Frances Wetherbee, Grace Toombs, Claire Boyle, Richard Beals.

Those who attended Honor Night from the Sophomore class are: Carol Johnson, Katharine Kane, Marion McCann, Margaret Halley, Eleanor Kelliher, Virginia Palmer, Virginia Sheehan, Alice Syverson, Eleanor Wentworth, Janet Marsh.

Another WAVE

Miss Louise Norbery is another alumnus of our school who has joined the long list of W. S. T. C. graduates who have become WAVES. Miss Norbery is a graduate of the class of '35 and prior to her enlistment was a teacher in North Uxbridge. She was also prominent in the Mass. Women's Defense Corps, where she served as lieutenant.

Louise Frodigh Engaged

News comes of the engagement of Miss Louise Frodigh, '41, to Army Aviation Cadet Vincent C. Gill. Miss Frodigh was a member of the Bach Choir and president of the Glee Club. At present she is teaching at the Calvin Coolidge Junior High School, Shrewsbury.

DEBATING PRIZES
(Continued from Page 1)

pionship Prizes are as follows: first prize, $1000 War Savings Bond and $250 Cash; second prize, $500 War Savings Bond and $125 Cash; also sixteen qualifying prizes consisting of eight first cash prizes of $50 each and eight second cash prizes of $25 each.

The representatives chosen, Misses Looney and Kane must first submit an outline of their addresses to the American Foundation. Three judges will select the best sixteen affirmative arguments and sixteen of the best negative arguments; the winners will then be qualified to take part at the expense of the Foundation in radio debates over eight local Blue Network stations. Miss Looney and Miss Kane would debate on February 15 in Boston.

At each of these eight local debates judges will award a prize of $50 to the best speakers and a prize of $25 to the best speaker on the opposing side. These prize winners will be qualified for further competition. Before March 25, 1943, the prize winners will have to repeat the foregone procedure of submitting their speeches to the American Foundation. Judges will select four speakers, two for the Affirmative and two for the Negative to debate on Sunday, April 18, 1943, at the "Wake Up, America" period 3:15-4:00 P. M., WJZ, Radio City, N. Y. Prize winners will be brought to and entertained in New York at the expense of the American Economic Foundation.

Good Luck, Girls!

At the contest debate held on January 8 in the school auditorium, the following participated: Affirmative, Esther Lipnick, '43, Carol Johnson, '45, and Katharine Kane, '45; Negative, Elias Barsoum, '45, Virginia Sheahan, '45, and Eleanor Looney, '44. President Carpenter acted as chairman and five members of the faculty as judges. An open forum took place after the debate, with interested student participation.

New Type Objective Tests made by Seniors to be given to Seniors.

1. By Peg Horan

Pestalozzi was famous for

(a) his doughnut dunking

(b) his way with women

(c) his influence on education.

2. Dotty Drawbridge

The First Compulsory School Law in Massachusetts was in (a) 1200, (b) 1942, (c) 1642.

3. Ruth Monahan

Runaway schoolmasters in early colonial times were (a) touched, (b) not touched, (c) advertised for.

Answers may be found on page 25 of this paper.

R. M., '43

MILITARY MUTTERINGS

(Continued from Page 1)

"Christmas was a gala day. We (Senior Sergeant Gambali and I) were invited to have dinner at Mr. Bastiani's. To make sure that we had enough to eat, we ate first at the post. Then at his house we ate from 2 until 7.

I had not received any mail since Sept. 6, and today, at last, several letters came from Worcester. Having been transferred the mail was held back for nine weeks, and then I got it all at once.

I am in the Prisoner of War Processing Detachment which is linked with all law and order organizations. There are no prisoners now and I am working in the Judge Advocate's section. The work is very interesting."

"It is warm in the daytime but cool at night. It is much different than England in that there are many citrus fruits, red wine, and beautiful women. The French certainly know how to dress; much tres chic, in fact their makeup is even better than most American girls, and that is saying a great deal."

Leo Charbonneau

Leo was also one of our first students to enlist. At present he is stationed in North Africa. To Leo, from all of us, goes best wishes and loads of luck.

"How is everyone and everything at S. T. C.? I received cards from you all and certainly appreciated your thoughtfulness. Before you know it, another year of school will be over, — and speaking of another year, we'll all be back in Worcester soon. I'm enclosing a letter from Bob Fox, — drop him a line so when the mail gets to wherever he is, Bob will have a big sack all for himself.

Here repetition is not the mother of learning. You hear a thing once and have to put it into practical knowledge without any questions asked.

The words in the College Hymn about "The wide green earth is our to roam" is certainly proving true."

Paul Evans

It goes without saying that Uncle Sam got one of the best when he borrowed Paul from us.

"I enjoyed the circular letter sent by the male faculty greatly.

It's a great joke to go to school at 7:00 A. M. when the moon and stars are still out.

I was at the Station Hospital for a little case of flu, but that means I have attention every ten minutes by a nice nurse.

The Army has me going to the finer shows now. I am writing this at *Stage Doore Canteen*, and I saw *Claudia* yesterday."

Dick Boulay

I guess Uncle Sam doesn't tell us about all the wonders he can perform.

"I don't know how the Army will succeed in hardening up the fellows if candy keeps arriving in the proportions it has.

You really wouldn't believe it, but last year's Physics class is coming in mighty handy.

Today I had my first course in Ju Jitsu, and boy, I'd love to see one of those slanty-eyed rats.

A fellow remarked that Ky. was God's country. I doubt him. The place isn't suitable for people because they can't bear such climate."

John Melia

John was the former Junior Class Secretary, and from the looks of things, he's still right in there pulling hard for his team.

"Army life is wonderful, but life at S. T. C. is far more interesting.

Letters are like a breath of spring in a winter of despair. Yea, verily an inspiration. In other words, keep 'em coming.

You should eat meals in an Army mess hall, and I do mean mess. It would be easier to sit in the food and absorb it than to eat it. However, the food is nutritious. With all the vitamins, minerals, and hypodermic needles they give us, it'll take a cannon to kill us.

Well, I guess I'll fold up my tent and move on — "

Fred Kelley

If a good sense of humor is essential to the Army, it's fortunate for Uncle Sam that he has Fred.

Barbara Stewart, '44

Friday Assemblies

The Friday assemblies presented during the month of December and January have continued to supply excellent entertainment and enjoyment for all at S. T. C. The splendid record made by Miss Banigan and her committee is due to their wise choice of programs; the following serve as an illustration:

Dec. 4—A Movie depicting "The American Way."

Dec. 11—A Musical program featuring the talent of the Fitchburg State Teachers College Faculty, Miss Helen Curry and Mr. James Hammond, and a graduate of our own school, Mrs. Paul Guerin. Miss Curry, Director of Music at Fitchburg, was the accompanist for Mrs. Guerin, lyric soprano, and for Mr. Hammond, bass.

December 18—The Glee Club Christmas Program featuring the Glee Club, the select Bach Choir, our newly acquired organ, our newly organized orchestra, and three of our most promising singers, the Misses Isabelle Sandstrom, '43, Dorothy Bell, '43, and Ruth Tucker, '46. The program was directed by the very able Miss Grace A. Kendrick, to whom congratulations must be extended for producing a really artistic program. We are looking forward to more programs of a similar calibre.

January 8 — A lively debate with audience participation on the question of American Youth supporting the Re-establishment of Competitive Enterprise as Our Dominant Economic System after the war, sponsored by the S. T. C. Debating Club.

January 15—"Color," an Art Assembly presented by Miss George E. Shaw's art students. This was one of the most artistic and beautifully staged programs ever presented at S. T. C. The program was as follows:

"Deep Purple" — a music selection by Marion Harrington, '44.

"You Like Color" — a talk on the meaning of color, by Louis Temple, '46.

"Professional Artists Capture Color" — a talk on how artists made use of color in three different paintings by Ann McAuliffe, '43.

"Are You Inspirational" — a talk with illustrations on how children can make use of color by Helen Nieminen, '44.

"Toby" — an illustrated story written by Margaret Horan, '43 and presented by Mary Cunningham, '43.

"Color In Sportwear" — a talk on what you should and shouldn't wear for skating by June Gray, '46, assisted by Jacqueline McGeary, Denyse Tasse, Barbara Smith, and June Scott, '43.

Exhibits on second and third floors by Margaret Scarry, '44 and Rigmor Erickson, special student. Chairman for the program was Betty Holm, '45, and service people were Eleanor Moosey, Hester Hanley, and Joan Smith, '46.

S. T. C. Debates Holy Cross

Two very interesting debates were held on December 17 between Holy Cross College and W. S. T. C. The question of debate was "Resolved that there should be a Federal Union". In the afternoon of the forementioned date our college represented the affirmative and Holy Cross the negative, and in the evening the sides were reversed. The first debate took place at our college and the second at Holy Cross. For the afternoon debate our side was represented by Katharine Kane, '45, Elias Barsoum, '45, and George Laird, '46; Holy Cross was represented by James Cassidy, '44, Donald Markham, '44, and Raymond Cooney, '44. Judges for this debate were Mr. Samuel Beeber of South High, Mr. William K. French of North High, and Mr. George B. O'Flynn of Providence Junior High. Following the debate refreshments were served in the cafeteria.

In the evening debate Holy Cross was represented by Edward Browne, '44, and Thomas Sullivan, '44; S. T. C. was represented by Eleanor Looney, '44, and Alban Atkocius, '46. The judge was Mr. Joseph Foley of Worcester.

Rev. Father Daly Tells of Experiences in Japan

One of the most interesting and informative Friday assemblies was presented on November 20 by Father J. Joseph Daly, a Worcester man, who has spent the past eight years in Japan and Korea as a missionary. Father Daly related his experiences in a Japanese concentration camp, and described the type of enemy we have to contend with.

The Japanese jail! A bare cell, no furnishings, no heat. The food! Barley and millet mixed with warm water and in addition a cup of water, which could be used either for washing or drinking.

The Japs have a favorite way of getting people whom they suspect (and they suspect everyone) to confess. One is the water cure, which consists of tying the prisoner's arms and placing him on the floor with a wooden frame around his face. Water is slowly poured within the frame as the guard whispers in the prisoner's ear, urging him to confess all he knows. One typical American, who was innocent and very angry with the Japs, decided to "fix" them. As the water was poured into his frame, he sucked it up and then threw it back into their faces. American ingenuity!

The electric shock treatment is another favorite Japanese trick for obtaining confessions. Bayonetting prisoners is another art which they practice, and stories that Father Daly related, left his audience both horrified and disgusted at the cruelty of the fighting Japanese. The Japanese emperor is considered divine and the soldier in obeying his emperor's commands is obeying a divinity! They (the Japanese) brag of never having lost a war; they consider themselves invincible. The only way to conquer them is to continue giving them blows, such as those the Americans gave them on the Solomons, and then the Japanese soldier will stop and say, "Is our Emperor God?" Then and only then we'll beat the Japs. May that question come very soon!

Le Cercle Francais

Ed. Note: All apologies to the French Club for misspelling of Le Cercle Francais in last issue.

The last meeting of Le Cercle Francais was held on January 6, which was "The Epiphany" or the Feast of the Three Kings. Members played a game called "Le portage du Gateau", and sang songs appropriate for the day. Chairmen for the occasion were Yvette Ledoux, in charge of decorations; Pauline Shawmut, refreshments; and Phyllis Lacouture, entertainment.

BUY BULLETS-- BUY BOMBERS--
BUY BONDS!

Sophomore Sallies

By *Eleanor Kelliher*, '45

A certain soph had a decided red face after a spontaneous outburst the other day in the lounge. Someone noticed a doughnut in a chair and remarked that mice might come around to investigate. "Oh, no," said our soph, "not with all these cats around!" . . . Our girls seem to be doing all right with Worcester Tech — five of them had bids for the Interfraternity Ball (Tech's biggest social event) . . . Lois Crowe, Margaret Halley, Dot Holden (of course), Katharine Kane, and Eleanor Kelliher. Theta Kappa Phi fraternity has gone completely S. T. C. and adopted all these lovelies . . . The S 2's have decided to take a manual training course at our neighboring Fitchburg State on Saturday nights. Reason? Jim Hammond's recent appearance at a Friday assembly . . . When Mr. Jones congratulated two of our "working girls" who appeared in that Tuesday assembly with, "I never saw anything like that before up here," one smart girl replied, "Well, Mr. Jones, you've never had a sophomore class like this up here before." Which goes to show that we think we're "sumpin'."

Answers to Military Quiz

1. George Washington, Lt. Gen.; for eight years service no pay. He would accept none.

2. The President; the Secretary of War; a civilian, and the Army Chief of Staff.

3. "A million men will spring to arms overnight," said William Jennings Bryan, and there are some who still believe it.

4. Regulars, National Guard, Reserve.

5. Cavalry, horse or scout-car; observation planes. (Radio controlled, unmanned planes, sending television back to G. H. Q. have been perfected, but are not yet in use.)

6. Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood. Wood's attempt at turning citizens into officers considered amateurish by Washington, but the Army had to copy Wood's system to provide the 200,000 citizens — officers who finally were in uniform.

7. Hard hitting weapons — perfection in their use as well as practice in their use.

8. Artillery.

9. North, $3,250,000,000; South $1,500,000,000.

10. A newly appointed second lieutenant. From the fact that young mules come to the Army with their tails shaved except a tuft at the end.

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STATE ... WORCESTER ... MASSACHUSETTS

Valley Forge, 1777-8
Keep Our Boys Warm!
Buy War Savings Stamps!

The Acorn

Life, Liberty, and the
Pursuit of the Axis!
Bonds Buy Weapons!

"Big Oaks From Little Acorns Grow"

"The Child Is Father of the Man"

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Mrs. Averill Guest of Literary Club

Mrs. Lawrence A. Averill, charming and talented wife of Dr. Averill, favored the Literary Club and guests at their February meeting with the reading of her newly published play, "They Call Me a Witch", which appears in the book, *25 Plays for Children*. She also gave a report on the research work done for the Portland *Sunday Telegram* on Seba Smith and and Elizabeth Oakes Smith, and presented an entertaining and original monologue, "When the Minutes Drag."

Mrs. Averill's play, "They Call Me a Witch", recaptured beautifully the atmosphere of old New England—the big kettle over the fireplace, the odor of drying herbs—the superstition—the charms—the primitiveness of court trials and justice. "Evil days are fallen upon Salem when respected women prove witches." The play is founded upon family history and facts which can be substantiated by the American Antiquarian Society. There was actually a witch in the Averill family! The genealogy of Dr. Averill's family shows that in 1636 in Ipswich, Sarah, wife of John Wildes, was hanged for being a witch. So an interesting skeleton gave birth to an interesting play.

Mrs. Averill, a prolific writer, began her career at the age of seven, when she won a prize for a short story. Then came years of experience writing articles on nature. Her marriage to a literary man was a deciding factor in her career. At "Ancestral Acres", summer home of the Averills, two typewriters placed back to back, set in motion ideas on psychology and poetry on one side and drama on the other.

Author of over fifty published plays and pageants, Mrs. Averill has had articles published on such varied subjects as antiques, nature, and music. For a number of years she wrote a column, "Ideas and Ideals", for the Worcester *Sunday Telegram*. She also writes feature articles for the Portland *Sunday Telegram*, the Worcester *Sunday Telegram*, and the *Christian Science Monitor*. Among the many clubs of which she is an active member are the New England Women's Press Association, the Boston Authors' Club, and the Penwomen's Club, of which she is the organizer. Unassuming and humble, Mrs. Averill is indeed an inspiration whose list of achievements speaks for itself!

ESTHER LIPNICK, '43

At the business meeting of the Literary Club, President Ruth Small named the following to the Program Committee: Betty Driscoll, Chairman, Isabelle Dunn, and Elizabeth Speckman. Refreshments for the tea which followed Mrs. Averill's talk were served by the following: Peggy Horan, Chairman, Isabelle Dunn, Helen Grogan, and Betty Driscoll.

Becomes WAAC

The rostrum of WAAC's and WAVES boasts of a number of S.T.C. graduates. Add to this ever-growing list another of our girls. She is Mary Elizabeth Benedict, of Rutland, formerly of Holden, and a graduate of the class of '37. Miss Benedict taught mathematics in Storrs, Conn., Lexington, and Wellesley. She began her training in Fort Des Moines, Iowa, early in February.

Rita Galipeau, '42 Engaged

News comes of the engagement of Miss Rita E. Galipeau of last year's graduating class. She is engaged to be married to Pfc. Edmond J. Croteau, who is with Army Air Forces Signal Corps in Australia. Miss Galipeau trained for Army ordnance work at the University of Maine and is employed as a junior inspector in the ordnance department.

"It may make a difference to all eternity whether we do right or wrong today."

—James Freeman Clarke

SERVICE FLAG

This is the service flag which signifies the pride of S.T.C. At present it has nine stars just as the service flag in the last war had nine stars. From the Peace Edition of the Worcester Telegram *of 1919 which was kindly brought to our attention, we get the following statement about our flag of World War I: "While accepting its war record as a matter of course, the school does admit genuine pride in its beautiful service flag. Nine stars on the flag of an institution whose student registration is overwhelmingly feminine, is a matter to excite not only wonder, but admiration. And so the school feels."*

And so we feel in 1943!

MILITARY MUTTERINGS

BY BARBARA STEWART, '44

"I have received countless cards and packages, and am seriously thinking of opening a drug store out here. I am sure that the rest of the boys join with me in hoping that the new organ will one day soon be playing—'Hail, Hail! The gang's all here."

BOB FOX

"I was never in a Medical Unit, but now I am chief clerk of the Preventive Division of the European Theater of Operations. There are seven officers and me (the clerk). That's why I was the Chief Clerk."

LEO CHARBONNEAU

"I'll stay away from the battle cry of 'Timber!' that the pre-Commandos use on the hockey field. I'm sure that I'm much safer here."

ED MCGEE

"He eats while he's not sleeping—he sleeps when not eating—for recreation he likes to dance and (censored). He sends his regards to the gang and he'd like to hear news about what's doing at S.T.C."

JOHN MELIA

"We are situated on a site in the residential section of Sault Ste.

(Continued on Page 3)

What Can I Do?

What am I doing for the war effort? Laughing with Bob Hope over his antics in some army camp? Holding on to my sides as Bud Abbott and Lou Costello pull off some of their horse play? Singing "Praise de Lord and Pass the Ammunition"? Going to sleep kicking about the government's rationing of shoes? Am I living in a butterless-sugarless-Utopia? Am I forgetting there's something called a war going on—forgetting yawning graves in Poland swallowing hundreds of people murdered in cold blood; forgetting hungry Greeks; forgetting Chinese babies sold for a penny or two; forgetting the hand to hand fighting in the streets of Stalingrad and the bombed streets of London; forgetting the letter that an American father wrote to his son before his ship went down?

These are a few of the questions we might ask ourselves in a thoughtful moment. It is true that as a school we have stuck to our guns and continued with our studying, bought stamps and bonds, took courses in first aid. But have we done all we possibly could? Haven't we spent much time in an idealistic state of unconscious forgetfulness?

During the last war, the slogan of the school was "Help Win the War". Outstanding were the contributions of the school: $3000 in money contributions. Disbursements were as follows: Red Cross drive, a $100 Liberty Bond; Gen. Joffre fund for the children of France, $18; Christmas remembrance for destitute children of France, Poland, Belgium, Armenia, and Halifax, $120; War savings stamps campaign, $1600; United war drive, $800; adoption of two French orphans, $73; Red Cross through Levana Club auxiliary, $25. Much knitting and sewing was done by students and faculty. During the influenza epidemic, students busied themselves supplying clothing for the children sufferers who were housed in the Normal School dormitory!

President Carpenter in an address to the student body on February 9th, 1943, gave an excellent and sound bit of advice. He listed eight suggestions which each individual might do:

1. Write to service men.
2. Keep yourself well.
3. Be very alertly interested in world affairs.
4. Contribute to the Victory Book Campaign.
5. Purchase Stamps and Bonds.
6. Contribute warm clothing to Russians.
7. Donate blood plasma to blood bank.
8. Keep eyes and mind fixed on ultimate objectives. "We have a war to win; we also have a peace to win."

President Carpenter concluded with a quotation from Emerson: "The lesson of life is to learn what the years and the centuries say as against the days and the hours."

Le Cercle Francais

Monday, February 8th, the Cercle Français opened its first meeting of the new semester with a feeling of sadness. Why? you may ask. The answer is the loss of its charming president, Maybelle Shaw. Maybelle, our petite Parisienne, shared with us during the last two years, in her inimitable French manner, her love and devotion to la belle France, her pride in its past, and her confidence in its future. We rejoice with her that, at last, light has appeared and seems to be spreading hope to our and her beloved Paris, city of lights, *ville de lumiere*, that the lights will soon go on there and "all over the world".

Miss Phyllis Lacouture, Vice-President, was elected to fill Maybelle's place and Mrs. Christine Flynn was elected to replace Paulina Shawmut, our former secretary. We are going to miss Paulina's lovely voice, and hope she will come back to sing again for us, *Connais-tu le pays* from *Mignon*. Miss Alma Marshall of the Freshman class was elected head of the Social Committee. Plans for future programs which include the presentation of scenes from *Les Precieuses Ridicules* (The Affected Ladies) will be announced later.

Jacob Franklin Gets Commission

One of the first men to come to our college in 1940 when we became co-ed was Jacob Franklin. A graduate of N.Y.U., class of '39, Mr. Franklin came here to receive a teacher's training course and received his B.S. in Ed. in '41. Recently he graduated again, this time from O.C.S. in Miami Beach, Fla. At present Lt. Franklin is stationed in Grenada, Miss., a new camp which is in the process of being built. From there he writes in part:

"Buildings are also going up to house the WAAC's. We hope they bring many officers with them. But I suppose that when they arrive we'll be taking the Chattanooga ChooChoo out of here. The railroad runs through our front porch every night. But I don't here it any more. (I almost let that go. Please don't show it to Miss O'Donnell.)"

"Would be very happy to see your paper."

Thanks, Lieutenant, we'll send you a copy!

"When I don't know whether to fight or not, I always fight."

—Nelson

THE ACORN

(Issued monthly by students of W. S. T. C.)

Esther Lipnick, '43 ..... Editor-in-Chief
Christine Flynn, '43 ..... Associate Editor
Ruth McCurn, '43 ..... Literary Editor
Eleanor Looney, '44 ..... Columnist
Barbara Cypher, '44 ..... Columnist
Marion Harrington, '44 ..... Club Editor
Betty Holm, '45 ..... Art Editor
Virginia Sheehan, '45 ..... Business Manager
Ruth Monahan, '43 ..... Reporter
Barbara Stewart, '44 ..... Reporter
Eleanor Kelliher, '45 ..... Reporter
Ann Brady, '46 ..... Reporter
Katharine Kane, '45 ..... Reporter

Faculty Adviser, Miss Kathryn R. O'Donnell

DEMOCRACY

In this year of Our Lord 1943, when the strongest academic and industrial accent is upon mathematics in every effort for victory, it is likely that in other spheres of life, the search for a common denominator, continues diligently. Is there a social common denominator as capable of blending people harmoniously in work and play as mathematics is of welding our war production program? Perhaps we can find nothing so precise as mathematics,—but we might try democracy.

Everyone knows about democracy! It is that marvelous thing we are fighting for. We know it is, for every speaker, every newspaper tells us so. But need we? As civilians, must we be militant about it? Is it a tangible thing? Hardly. . . . . Rather a state of mind.

For democracy, like religion, is a self-motivated quality that arises after certain convictions have taken place in the mind and heart. The democratic man or woman is of the elect, because he has convinced himself that in respecting himself, in respecting others and their rights, and in sharing social fortunes, both good and bad, with his fellows, he is doing a divinely human thing. In short, he has put his own house in order.

Let us stop deceiving ourselves about the fact of democracy. Let us rather create it in our hearts, to the end that we may help others to create it sincerely in theirs. Then we may confidently look towards a living, vibrant, palpable democracy in the rising generation, upon whose shoulders will fall the bulk of reconstruction after Victory, 19—. C. F.

Victory Book Campaign On!

President Carpenter has issued a call for contributions to the Victory Book Campaign. A box has been provided in the office for that purpose. But let's remember the Victory Book Slogan: "Send the book you don't want to give!"

In St. Joseph, Mo., the following two books were contributed:
Official Card Rules, 1923
Girls of Today, 1909

That reminds us of what Mr. Carpenter said, "The soldiers aren't interested in the Bobbsy Twins!"

Orchids . . . .

To Miss Kittredge for well-balanced menus, diversity of foods, and courteous service. . . . With rationing and the difficulty of obtaining good food at a reasonable price, we realize more than ever the splendid work that Miss Kittredge has done. Appreciation can be shown by following a suggestion which she has made: namely, remove soiled dishes from tables and bringing them to the front of the cafeteria where a table has been provided for that purpose. . . .

To those participating in the Stamp and Bond Drive on Feb. 11. Let's keep that spirit up. . . . To the faculty and students who have bought stamps and bonds. . . . To Miss White for recapturing the spirit of Lincoln when we most needed it. . . . To Miss McKelligett, Dr. Farnsworth, Mr. Osborne, and Mr. Jones for preparing the new courses of study for the Worcester Civilian Defense Corps. . . .

To Eli for the many rides he gave us. . . .

To Denyse Tasse for her excellent accompaniment for Mr. Robert Rissling, baritone, at the excellent Friday assembly on Feb. 12th . . . and to all the other school accompanists, Marion Harrington, Marion McCann, and Ruth Tucker. . . .

To Miss Isabelle Sandstrom for her singing of "The Lilac Tree". . . .

To Dr. Winslow for his "souvenir" movie snapshots that are always so much fun. . . .

From the faculty to the students as a whole who have exhibited a fine spirit of hearty coöperation, stick-to-it-iveness, and optimism in these troublous times. . . .

WONDERMENT

By Anne McAuliffe, '43

Mother, what makes the birds stay
up when they fly
And what makes my kite sail high?
When I try to fly as the swallows do
I only fall and get black and blue.

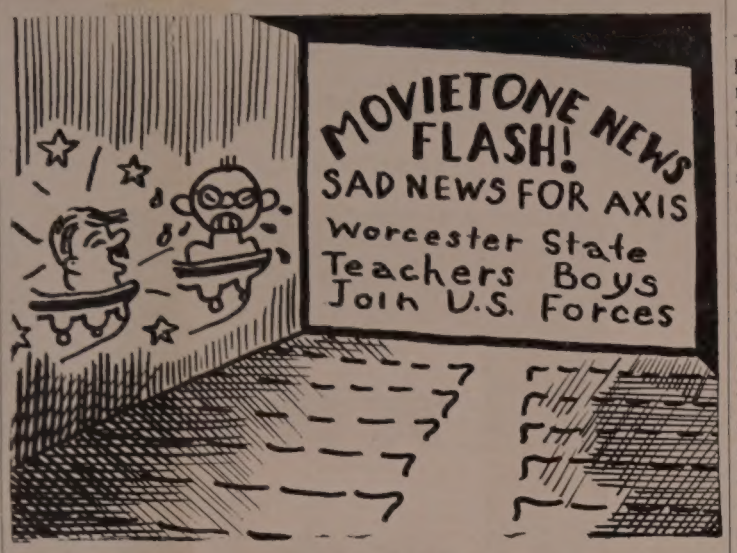
Why does my ball hit the ground
with a bound
And what makes the rain come
down?
But my soap bubbles float in the air
sky high
All of these don't act the same,
Mother, why?

"Our whole social life is in essence but a long, slow striving for the victory of justice over force."

—John Galsworthy

SAD TROUBLES COME TO AXIS

B. Holm, '45



An Interview With Esther Forbes

By Maureen Cove, '45

(Ed. note: Recently Miss White assigned her sophomore English class a research paper on some author. Maureen Cove chose Esther Forbes, author of the current best-seller, *Paul Revere and the World He Lived In*. The following are excerpts from her interview with the author):

Approaching the house, I had that sudden fearful feeling of attempting something a little too big for me. Perchance it was the size of the house itself, the hill on which it was situated, or even the winding snow-covered steps which led to it that held me in awe.

My fears were immediately allayed, however, when, before I had time to knock on the door, the door opened as if by magic and revealed the smiling face and extended hand of Miss Esther Forbes.

The first question put to Miss Forbes concerned the probability of any of her books being autobiographical. Her reply was two-fold. She told us definitely that she had never written a wholly autobiographical novel. But, as so often is the case with beginning novelists, her first book had as its heroine a girl whose station in life somewhat paralleled her own. At the time of the writing of this book, Miss Forbes worked in a publishing house. With this basic tie between herself and the heroine, Miss Forbes tried to imagine how she might have acted had she been in the same situation in 1850 rather than in 1920. In this way, then, her first novel was somewhat autobiographical.

The next question put to Miss Forbes was, "Do you write for yourself or for the public?"

"For myself," was the quick reply, immediately followed by "I suppose that sounds very selfish, but my reasons are two. If I were to write for the public, that is, write only those things which I felt the public would like, I would become self-conscious, and my work would eventually suffer. Don't you see? It's like being asked to tell a funny story. You search for the one that pleases the audience, and if it fails, where are you? My second reason for writing 'for myself' (and she italicized it as she said it) is that writing is falling in love. You can't really choose it—it just happens."

"Is it true that oftentimes ideas come to you in the middle of the night?" I asked.

"Yes, those proverbial midnight ideas are common and fun. A sudden flash of insight into a particular problem at an unearthly hour is one of those things that makes writing so interesting."

As we put on our hats and coats, Miss Forbes took my copy of *Paul Revere and the Wold He Lived In* to autograph it for me, first asking, "Maureen, will you write your name on a piece of paper for me? I can misspell almost anything."

1780 1943 WORCESTER

CULTURE AS USUAL

By Christine Flynn

Worcester Art Museum — Motion Picture, "United Nations at War."
Mar. 6—South America.
Mar. 30—Australia
Musicales for Sunday afternoon:
Mar. 14—Mr. Bonnet, Organ.
Mar. 21—Mr. Bonnet, Organ.
Natural History Museum—Sunday afternoon lectures at four o'clock.
Mar. 7—Mrs. Dorothy Lowell Salter, "Kodachromes in Nature."
Mar. 14—Mrs. Louis J. Wood, "Covered Bridges in Vermont," illustrated.
Mar. 21—Dr. Erwin C. Miller, "Life, Habits, and Studies of Game Fish."

THE FORTUNE TELLER

By Christine Flynn, '43

Regrets
the gypsy said
are castenets.
Who wants them
in Life's Symphony?

"Rome endured as long as there were Romans; America will endure as long as we remain American in spirit and in thought."

—David Starr Jordan

"He is the happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home."

—Goethe

"A more perfect race means a more soulful race, a more soulful race means a race having greater capacity for love." *—Ellen Key*

SEEDLINGS . . .

The best part of school is now over—vacation—and did we have big plans? The freshmen and sophomores and seniors were going to take home big piles of books and do research . . . the juniors ? . . . We're sorry, but any information revealed at this time might give aid and comfort to the enemy. . . . Besides we don't even know who the juniors are any more. . . . We have a permanent wave in our wrists from saying "Goodbye". . . . Even our Chauffeur pro-tem who filled the position left vacant by Charlie Farnum has been declared non-essential and marched away. . . . We'd like to be around the first time Eli tries to explain to the sergeant just where his error lies. . . . But all is not lost yet. . . . With the announcement of the departure of most of the Holy Cross student body comes the news that the Navy will take up residence in July. . . . We'd like to be present the day that the training ship is launched in Blackstone Harbor. . . . Not only that, but Tech is going to train Navy engineers. . . . And we are going home to read "The Approximate Distribution of Power Generated by the Diesel Engine" . . . (just in case). . . . Did you get your report? . . . we got ours. . . . Let no more be said. That is a closed chapter (because we forgot to open the books). . . If we seem a bit morose it's just because we miss our Elementaries so much. . . . But they are out in the cruel world. And we are concentrating upon our studies. . . . Now don't jump to conclusions; we didn't say what we were studying. . . . Valentine's Day brought its quota of flowers. . . . Orchids, no less. . . . Next week in assembly Mr. Fink will give a short talk on "How to Grow Orchids in the Back Yard" (complete with ribbons). . . . You've heard of publicity seekers, but did you hear about George Maloney wearing his little brother's hat to school because it didn't fit his ears so he could get them frostbitten and get his picture in the paper. . . . We can't trust anyone any more. . . . We'd love to tell you more about Grace Toombs' favorite pupil, or Phil Brady's war game which almost became the real thing, or describe Elsie Higgins' new school-teacher shoes, but we're in a dreadful hurry. For our physical education assignment we have to make exhaustive research into the play activities of one particular person and our subject is ringing the bell. In the scientific method, direct observation is the most valuable and, being of a scientific turn of mind, we are going to observe our subject's indoor recreations at close range. (This is one assignment which we will throw ourselves into.)

Flora and Fauna

"No man is worth his salt who is not ready at all times to risk his body, to risk his well-being, to risk his life, in a great cause."

—T. Roosevelt

"Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not picked in stranger's gardens." *Douglas Jerrald.*

Military Mutterings

(Continued from Page 1)

Marie, so we are really 'hibrowing' it. It is a lot of fun to hand out an American dollar and get $1.10 in exchange. Keep busy and keep sewing service stars on the flag until the school runs out of fellows."

PAUL EVANS

"Last night a mail sack hit little Dickie. Letters from Devens, Miami, Pawling, Fort Jay, and Pawling again. They were slightly late, but they had to see the country first."

DICK BOULAY

"c/o Men's Room

"Hi Boys (any left?),

"Get in the Navy—it's a great outfit! Up at 5:30. Classes 7:30 to 5:00. Stationed in Williamstown for three months."

CHARLIE FARNUM

"There's quite a change here from New England. In the morning the fog is dense and the sea sounds like a lion roaring into an open well. Food is swell, so is living quarters.

"No sweat—no sweet."

AL BARRIOS

"I was overjoyed to hear from all of you but alas, my correspondence exceeds my writing powers. Remember there are over 100 of you and only one of me. However, I love you all. You should see my haircut. (Deluxy.) I have no hair for three inches above my ears. And all I did was to say, 'Regulation cut, please.' My friends call it Kelley's C.C. (Comanche Coiffure). But as I always say—a soldier is not a thing of beauty. He is a fighting machine—a dirty, greasy, well-oiled, smooth-running engine of death."

FRED KELLEY

W. A. A. News

Plans are in progress for a basketball game to be played in our gymnasium on March 9, between S.T.C. and Clark girls.

Evelyn Logan has been chosen basketball manager. Outstanding forwards and guards who have proven their ability are the following: Forwards: Eleanor Spear, Regina Labenski, Margaret Scarry, Maureen Warner, Hester Hanley, Evelyn Logan, and June Gray. Guards: Jean Campbell, Isabelle Sandstrom, Agnes Abram, Frances Weatherbee, Yvette Ledoux, Janet Marsh, Denyse Tasse, Mary Connors, Ruth Connelly, and June Gray.

With the whole school divided into Blue and Gold teams, heated and exciting games have taken place in the gym on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons. The following are temporary managers:

Gold I—Virginia Sheahan.
Gold II—Katharine Kane.
Gold III—June Scott.
Gold IV—Matilda Runstein.
Blue I—Eleanor Looney.
Blue II—Elizabeth Speckman.
Blue III—Celestine Terroy.
Blue IV—Eleanor Moosey.

Yvette Ledoux and Agnes Abram have been elected captains of the Gold and Blue teams, respectively.

"Of all kinds of pride I hold national pride the most foolish, it ruined Greece, it ruined Judea and Rome." —*Herder*

Geography Club Plans Meeting at Home of Dr. Shaw

The Geography Club is planning to hold its next meeting at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Shaw. Miss Florence Scarpaci, chairman of the program for the March meeting, is planning to have a showing of movies of a geographical nature. Assisting her are Rosemary Robert and Helen Brulinski. Miss Agrippina Macewicz will review the book, *America at War*, to which Dr. Shaw contributed the chapter, "United States Atlantic Defense".

FRESHMAN NOTES

The sport dance on Feb. 5th was a huge success. The gym was decorated with college banners and posters made by Freshmen. In the center of the floor was a huge pair of paper mâché saddle shoes made by June Scott. In addition two open suitcases containing what the well-dressed co-ed wears shared honors with the saddles. At the end of the hall was a "coke" bar at which cold drinks were served.

The committee consisted of the entire class headed by Denyse Tasse, general chairman. The chaperones were as follows: Miss Agnes Scribner, Miss Lena A. West, Mr. Francis L. Jones, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Riordan. Music was furnished by the Cavaliers.

At the assembly conducted by Freshmen on Thursday, Feb. 18th, Miss Ruth Connelly entertained us with a piano program of modern selections and we entertained ourselves by singing the selections. We liked it. Let's have some more sometime soon. But in the meantime, let's learn the words!

SOPHOMORE SALLIES

Excitement reigned supreme in the sophomore class when Elias—the one and only Elias—announced that an official-looking envelope on the table in the hall awaited his eager (?) fingers. Yes, Elias has been drafted. He is to travel the dusty road to Devens on Feb. 18. However, all the best wishes of the school and especially those of the sophomores will follow him on his way until he returns once more to S.T.C. Another loss to our class is Judith Reardon, who has decided to enter the order of the Sisters of Mercy, and like her friend, Alice Slein, consecrate her life to God. We'll miss Judy very much, for her laughter and fun will never be forgotten, but we know she'll be happy and what more could we wish for her? Maybelle Shaw has left for further fields of conquest—Katy Gibbs in Boston is her next stopping place, and won't she make a nice secretary? We all laughed when Dr. Shaw asked Virginia Palmer if she were going to be next to join the convent. Now that Ed. Conan has been drafted, who can tell? This draft certainly hit S.T.C. via Holy Cross and I'm not kidding.—(Take it from one who knows.)

ELEANOR KELLIHER, '45

The Lisping Romeo

BY ELEANOR KELLIHER, '45

DEAR DANNY,

Well, this has been one hectic day for the Kelleys. Wild eyed, I stumbled out of bed at what seemed like the middle of the night to give dear old Dad my cuticle scissors to trim his moustache. If I hadn't, neighbors surely would have begun collection to buy him one. You'll know, Danny dear, why I said, "dear old Dad" when I finish telling you just how the old darling came through today.

As usual, the K's gathered before an array of bacon and eggs this morning; and Dad made the customary weekly pronouncement.

"Ah, Sunday morning breakfast is the best meal in the week!"

We had just reached the second round of toast when Sis leaned over in Dad's direction and said, "Popsey, where's the car polish? Yours truly is going to shine up Abigail."

At that, Dad dropped his fork and wide-eyed he retorted, "Well, I'll be darned!" Then, looking in a bewildered fashion around the room for the answer, he suddenly became enlightened and with that Irish twinkle in his eye turned toward Sis.

"I throppoth that thop ith coming here for dinner today. Say, pretty soon now I'll be charging him rent. He's just what Bud calls a 'fugitive from a water faucet'."

"Why, Dad, Charles is a Harvard man and already he makes twenty-five dollars a week. And if he does lisp you don't have to make fun of him. Please, Dad, be nice to him."

"Pat," Dad said, "when you grow up, don't pick a lisping Romeo."

After breakfast, when we had begun the dishes and were swinging "Alice Blue Gown", the door bell pealed. Sis pushed Dad up the stairs and ran for the mirror. Mother went to meet Charles, and left me with the dishes.

Mother led Charles into the living room. When he was beginning to give his solution to the world's problems, Dad descended.

"Good morning, thir," Charles said.

"Huh, what's good about it?" Dad replied, as he disappeared behind the Sunday paper.

"Thith ith nith Theptember weather," Charles began.

"Thought it rained yesterday," Pop grumbled.

"Oh—tho it did. But on the whole—"

At that, Sis retreated to the kitchen and begged me to help out. So, for the next hour I listened to the lisping Bachelor of Arts.

At one-thirty, Mother announced dinner and the drama was transferred to the dining room.

"Thith ith certainly nith Theptember weather, Mithuth Kelley."

"I thought this was the month for hurricanes," Pop retorted.

Mother, the peacemaker, smiled over the table and said, "Yes, September is a beautiful month."

Then Dad became, strangely enough, a bit more agreeable.

"How's your car working, Charles?" he said.

"Automobile, thir?" Charles replied. "I'm thorry, thir, I don't own one."

"Why, Sis," Dad said, "I thought you told me that the fellow you went out with the other night had a new Buick." . . .

At that the youthful Charles' face fell. Sis quickly remembered something in the kitchen, and Mother sweetly said, "This is a nice September morning."

When we had adjourned to the other room, Dad opened his cigar box and with a look in his eye that said, "I dare you to take one you ladies' man," offered one to Charles. Quite strangely enough, Charles accepted, to the open amazement of all. As the cigar produced its chemical action, Charles' face turned to a pallid hue and became expressionless. Hurrying to the door and murmuring a vague "Good day, thir," he disappeared from the Kelley horizon.

Of course, Sis was heart-broken. But Dad, as he always does, soon rid her of her blues by promising her that new evening wrap she wanted.

Well, Danny, I guess we Kelleys just were not made for Harvard men.

ELLIE

SENIOR NOTES

Now that midyears are over the Seniors can sit back, and with a contented sigh breathe, "Ah, me—just once more." They've come through seven times, and perhaps now instructors will go easy on them?? . . . Good to see the Senior Secondaries back, especially glad to see them for one reason out of many. No more hurried Friday meetings. . . . Congrats to Aggie and Ann for making the *Purple Patcher* of Holy Cross. . . . That's two yearbooks they'll appear in. . . . Mary Gannon started something with her lisle stockings. . . . Is there one Senior who doesn't own a pair now? In case you want the latest pronunciation of the word just see Mary Fleming. . . . We can't keep it from you. . . . A woman came into the store where Mary works and asked her for a pair of lizly stockings! . . . Movie of the month *Reunion in France* left Mary Cunningham in a daze . . . we can see the reason. . . . Betty Link doesn't find her trip to school interesting any longer . . . her chauffeur is in Uncle Sam's barracks somewhere in Tenn. . . . Speaking of hardships, one Senior actually came to school the other day and dressed for an afternoon date . . . in this day and age! . . . Where she got the man is a military secret! . . . The *Oakleaf* may bring to mind the verdant green colors of spring, but to the Seniors it will denote gray hair and sleepless nights . . . all for the sake of memories.

RUTH MONAHAN, '43

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Class Photographers
1939-1943

Debating Club Reorganizes

Due to the departure of two of its officers for military service, the debating club has been forced to assign new duties to those remaining. Katherine Stafford, '43, Vice-President, will take over the position left vacant by President Elias Barsoum, '45. Katherine Kane, '43, will assume the office formerly held by Treasurer Alfred Barrios, '45. To replace Miss Kane as Secretary the club has elected Eleanor Moosey, '46. The program for the new term has not been definitely formulated, but announcements of debates will be made soon.

Eastern States Conference Has Been Canceled

The Eastern States Association's annual Spring Conference scheduled for March 25 and 26 has been canceled. The radio program scheduled for March 25, at 3:30 P.M. will take place as planned and will feature CBS artists. Concluding remarks will be made by Lyman Bryson, of national reputation.

Alcohol Explored

In a recent assembly Miss Scribner reviewed the book, *Alcohol Explored*, by Haggard and Jellinek. Some facts are interesting to note: The great popularity of alcohol is due more to its use as a condiment than as an intoxicant. There are forty million drinkers in this country and thirteen million are women! One fourth of those killed in New York during the past year in automobile accidents showed the presence of alcohol.

Drinkers fall into the following four categories:

1. Normal excessive—those who drink for sociability.
2. Symptomatic drinkers—those who suffer from mental diseases.
3. Stupid drinkers—those who are feeble minded.
4. True addicts—those who drink because they are maladjusted.

It is conceded that the alcohol problem arises from the abuse of alcohol.

Newman Club Holds Discussion Period

At the February meeting of the Newman Club Miss Marion McCann led a discussion on religious questions and problems. Assisting her were Lois Crowe and Alice Connelly. The whole group participated, offering their views and opinions.

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JUNIOR NOTES

Alas, the Junior Class has its troubles, too. First it was Bob who left the office of President to become a Marine. Then it was John Melia who left the office of Secretary to become a doughboy. Now it's Claire Boyle who has left the office of Treasurer to become the wife of a soldier. So you see, new class officers, President, Secretary, and Treasurer, respectively, had to be elected again. At the last class meeting Mary Houlihan was elected to serve as Treasurer of the class. Congratulations, Mary—we know you've got what it takes. And please, Mary, one more favor—don't leave us.

Charlie Farnum is now an aviation cadet. His new address is:

U. S. Navy Flight Prep. School
Battalion No. 2, Platoon No. 2
Williamstown, Mass.

Remember, "if you don't write, you're wrong".

LETTER NEVER SENT

By V. S., '45

My Dearest Johnny,

It isn't easy to write a letter to someone you're much more accustomed to talking to. Letters are so inadequate as a means of expression. What can I say? Maybe a little rah-rah stuff? You know, They'll Be Blowin' Taps For the Japs For Here Come the Yanks with the Ahead-of-Schedule Tanks.

Please forgive me, Johnny. I'm miserable, that's why I am saying such bitter things. That's a side of me you have never seen before, isn't it? Right now I make a vow that you never shall again. I'll always be sweet and loving. Johnny, Johnny, my darling!

Please, dear, tear up this letter. I should stop writing—but somehow I can't. Suddenly I feel that I've got to say all the terrible things that have been growing in my mind since you left. Don't read them; they will only make you unhappy.

Johnny, you got a rotten deal. Every young, strong, carefree boy in the United States has gotten a rotten deal. Why are you forced to pay for the lack of foresight, the selfishness, and the greed of other generations? You are a human being, with human hopes and desires. It is your right to live your life freely, in the pursuit of those aspirations. How does anyone *dare* deny you the chance to justify your existence?

Do I love you? You are wondering how I could, and still talk like this. Is it love to see your face in every light and shadow, to hear your voice in every murmur of the wind? Is it love when I wish I were dead?

Yes, it must be that I love you, even in my bewildered state of mind. In my dreams I have seen you come back to me broken and useless and bitter. I have seen you shot down and your plane transformed into a blazing holocaust. I have seen you paralyzed and blinded; I have seen a machine gun rip off your legs and your arms; I have seen a hole torn across your face from temple to lips.

I have seen these things so clearly that they are like a prophecy. But I know that I shall always love you, Johnny. I know that much.

But what little solace love alone is to a man! Johnny,—say this to yourself until you believe it; it's the only way to forget the futility of your sacrifice: "Nothing matters except myself. I'll get away from the smoke and fire of this fiendish war. I'll walk again through quiet forests and fish in peaceful streams. I'll climb to the top of a mountain where the clouds will shut out the sight of the seething earth below, and the wind will be cool in my face. I'll laugh and sing and dance!"

Oh, my own Johnny! You are so much stronger than I am. Show me where I lost my way.

It isn't true, Johnny, not a word of it. This is what I wish to tell you: The good of what you are doing, dear, will reach far beyond you and me. You are building a world of security and equality. Our children will thank you, and their childen. History will crown you Patriot and Hero. Is that not all that really matters?

Goodbye, Johnny, with all my love and prayers.

Wishing

By Esther Lipnick, '43

Would that I had Aladdin's lamp,
Or some such mystic power,
Would that I could clap my hands,
And recapture an elusive hour.

Then 'twould be June again,
And the roses, beautiful in bloom
And you the fairest of them all,
Devoid of melancholy gloom.

Life would be a rhapsody
Written in a joyous key,
The world a magic fairy land
With you smiling right at me.

THE LITTLE MORON

Like wildfire it's sweeping the country. A few years ago it was jig-saw puzzles, then came "knock, knock, who's there?", right on its heels came Confucius say, and today it's the little Moron jokes. Here are a few that we rather like.

Did you hear about the little Moron who cut his arms off so he could wear the sleeveless sweater his mother gave him?

Did you hear about the little Moron who was dying? He pulled a chair over so Rigor Mortis could set in.

A woman stepped on a moron's foot in a crowded street car and apologized. He said to her, "That's all right, I walk on them myself."

How about the moron who brought a saw to the dentist to have the teeth fixed?

Then there was the moron who went to the window at a race track and said, "Give me a ticket on the winning horse."

One moron was reading a newspaper and another said to him, "What's the date today?"

"I don't know."

"Well, look at the date on the paper."

"That won't do any good. This is yesterday's paper."

Did you hear about the two morons listening to the radio? The first moron said, "Tune the radio; you got two stations on there."

"That's all right," the second replied, "they're both good."

?

By Agnes Abram, '44

Upon the gently sloping hill
I used to love to go,
And walk amongst the pines so still
'Twas a peaceful spot, you know.

No longer do I wander there
Upon the hill, amongst the pines,
For in the now clear, chilling air
A lonely tree stands as a sign.

Alone it stands so staunch and true
Defying every mighty wind,
"You once my hardy comrades slew
And once did break my limb."

"Now they lay upon each other,
Torn and twisted, yet ever still
I their one protecting brother
Towering above them on this hill."

Trouble Shooter's Reverie

By Private Fred Kelley,
U. S. Army Air Corps

As the setting sun is laid to rest
At the end of a blistering day,
The ebbing tide of light
Silhouettes the power lines, as if
To pay tribute to a more powerful being
That would give forth light and heat,
And would work tirelessly both day and night.

The vibrating wires are chafing
Like tethered animals against their insulators;
As the poles stand steadfast where they are,
Like underfed beasts which have burdens to bear.

These wires have power the sun cannot equal.
The crackling god holds death, life, and labor
Within its Ozone folds.
Twenty thousand volts,
As slaves to do his bidding,
Go over the horizon to attend to a distant chore.

The hum of huge transformers,
Like a stately choir of monks,
Solemn in their death-like garb,
Teach these rushing volts to meditate and moderate
As they leave the winding coils
To go serve mankind.

Oh God! This that men call electricity
Has greater things in store,
More than the mind can comprehend.
And all of this, I control.
As Apollo led his team,
Or Vulcan his hissing forge,
I hold *this* within my hands . . .
To rule and drive it onward.

W. S. T. C.

(We're Saying On This Campus)

(From the Quarterly)

Nov. 1939:

Don't ever say that S.T.C. girls aren't always willing to oblige. In their will, made public in June, the Class of of '39 bequeathed to Mr. Osborne a "classful of mathematicians instead of a handful." Sure enough, September brought him fifteen math majors in the class of '42—more students majoring in math than ever before.

Jan. 1940:

We do not accuse her of being fickle, but we do not know what else to think after hearing Shirley Widerberg groan, "Burlingame! Chitwood! Adams! Oh, I never can keep my men straight!"

Nov. 1940:

One of our young co-eds was worrying, rather prematurely to be sure, about which of her two devoted admirers to invite to the Junior Prom.

"If I take one, the other will be offended," she wailed.

"Cheer up, darling," consoled her friend. "Maybe by that time both of them will be drafted."

Feb. 1941:

New England weather is changing. For the first time in years we have had no snow for Christmas. Who knows? Perhaps we shall no rain for May Day!

March 1941:

The threat of war makes the American position a common topic of discussion among the Juniors at the cafeteria tables during lunch hour. Betty Brigham's contribution to the conversation one day should end all such discussions. "War?" she exclaimed. "Good heavens, no. We haven't got time!"

May 1941:

After the Glee Club concert, six young ladies in full evening dress went out for ice-cream. Such an unescorted, formally dressed group naturally roused considerable curiosity, but the girls gave no clue to the reason for their attire. Finally a curious young man could no longer contain himself, and, approaching the S.T.C. table, he asked the cause.

"We went to a dance stag," one of the group assured him seriously, "and there was no one to dance with, so we left." The inquirer surveyed the girls in amazement. "Why doesn't someone take me there?" he demanded.

June 1942:

And speaking of the number of engagements in the school, which makes a deep cut in the number of teachers available, a faculty member was startled to hear this one.

Said he, during a discussion of human values, "It isn't the money or position that has meaning. For instance, you can have all kinds of gorgeous diamond rings without having accomplished anything."

Replied Augusta Copper, "No, it's getting it on the right finger that counts!"

Afloat

By Private Fred Kelley,
U. S. Air Corps

Have you ever sat by the shore and gazed at the billowing sails of a seaworthy vessel? If you have, then you may get the same longing and wanderlust that I do as I watch swinging booms and fluttering sheets. I think that a sailboat is infinitely more romantic than a power boat; the silent passing of sailing craft reminds me of the days when bronzed men clung from rigging and sang sea-chanteys.

Some time ago, I experienced my first voyage in a sailboat. It seemed to awaken within me some hidden trait that must be in my blood, for I took to sailing as easily as the proverbial duck to water. The singular beauty and silence of the journey made a deep impression on my innermost thoughts; I shall always remember that first day afloat.

As the prow cut cleanly and silently through the foamy deep, I felt as though I were flying through the clouds on huge white wings. Slowly the landscape slipped past; the trees were silhouetted against a background of gold, red and royal purple, as the sun sank on the horizon. The silver ripples slid over the dark green of the water, until they silently disappeared on the shore. Our wake bubbled merrily from the stern, so I could tell that we were making our way rapidly. As the wind picked up, the mains'l tightened and the waves began to break over the bow. I could feel the cool spray on my face, but it was not unpleasant for the day had been warm. Soon the inevitable darkness came; the boat became shrouded in a velvet cloak of night. Polaris, the north star, gleamed in the heavens as a beacon and we set our course by it. Then, as always after a warm day, the breeze slowly failed us and we were soon becalmed. The sails fell limp and all was still. The lake was without motion and looked like a huge black mirror speckled with the reflections of innumerable stars, planets. The faint glow of our running lights gave the mists rising from the slimy deep a weird hue; the croaking of the frogs in a nearby swamp also added a measure to the nocturnal melody. No other sound came from the lake; we were alone except for the flitting insects which darted past us on their nightly excursions in quest of food.

A slight motion of the boom gave evidence of the returning wind, so we then prepared to put about and return to port. The whisper of the wind increased and soon we were on our way.

On the return trip, the night wind seemed to become a huge slave, laboring under the strain of pushing us through the steaming water. In all too short a while, the wharf loomed up ahead of us and the splash of the anchor announced the end of our adventure. The sails like stubborn children, came down with protests and squeals, while everything else was made secure.

On reaching land, I looked back at the dark form of our moored craft, which was sleepily rocking to and fro like a tethered horse in its stall.

Since that time, I have sailed on many occasions, but that cruise seems to cling to my memory more than all of the others; indeed, I feel sorry for any person who has not had the opportunity to sail at least once during his lifetime. It is a great experience.

"—a nation that makes an unjust war is only a great gang."

—Franklin

WELCOME ALUMNI

Franklin: "'Tis Foolish to Lay Out Money In a Purchase of Repentance." Buy Savings Stamps!

The Acorn

Hit Them Hard, Hit Them Fast, Win the Peace and Make It Last! BUY WAR BONDS!

"Big Oaks From Little Acorns Grow" — "The Child Is Father of the Man"

Vol. I — Worcester State Teachers College, Worcester, Mass., Friday, April 16, 1943 — No. 4

A BOOK . . .

Perhaps your book brought this smile!

Book Drive a Success

The Victory Book Campaign proved true to its name and S.T.C. can be proud of the books submitted. Such favorites as *Oliver Wiswell, Short Stories from the New Yorker,* and *For Whom the Bell Tolls* were contributed. Books on humor, war, history, puzzles, verse, novels, and even the classics saw their way into the splendid collection.

Yes, S.T.C., your response was good, and what's more we know the Boys will enjoy reading your books!

Pan-American On April 16th At STCollege

Remember the flash of color, the fiery music, and the Dinkle Doodle Salesman? It was Pan American Day, '42, and how Dr. Shaw's geography students brought Latin American to S.T.C.! Such a program couldn't go without an encore, and on April 16th, 1943, there will be a repeat performance and celebration of Pan American Day. (Ed. note—The actual date of Pan American Day is April 14. Uncontrollable circumstances prevented the Geography Club from presenting it on that day.)

The Geography Club is collaborating with the Art, Music, and Literature Departments for the presentation of the program. The General Chairman is Jeanne Boyden and she will be assisted by Anne McAuliffe, Isabell Sandstrom, and Aldonna Lapinskas.

The program will consist of the following:

"How the Americas Are Cooperating in Winning the War"—Aldonna Lapinskas; Latin American Vegetation Pictures made by the Senior Elementaries explained by Helen Grogan; Latin American Music—Dorothy Bell, Anne McAuliffe, and Isabelle Sandstrom; Latin American Poetry — Choral Speaking — Senior Elementaries; "Sky Dancers of Papplanta—Mexico"—an exciting film.

. . . AND GAL

Betty Holm poses with her subject, Private Wendell Richardson of Fort Riley, Kansas.

My Heart Leaps Up

My Heart leaps up when I behold
An ensign passing by.
I love the way his buttons shine,
I'd love to hold his hand in mine.
I want one ere I am grown old
Or let me die.
He's my idea of Ideal man,
And boy! I wish that I could be
Upon his ship when he's at sea.

Seniors Plan New York Trip

On April 16, a group of enthusiastic seniors will leave Union Station for their very much anticipated trip to New York City. They have made reservations at the Hotel Taft and have outlined a most interesting schedule. On Friday night the group will attend the play, "Kiss and Tell"; on Saturday morning, Shopping; Saturday afternoon, the Ballet Russe; Saturday night, "Dough Girls"; Sunday afternoon, the Easter Pageant at Radio City and dinner at Caruso's; on Monday, a trip on a Fifth Avenue bus and a little sight seeing; Monday night, dinner and the play, "Lady in the Dark"; and then the midnight train back home . . . to rest and write long papers!

The following seniors chaperoned by Miss Foster will go on the trip: Margaret Ackley, Jeanne Boyden, Jean Campbell, Elizabeth Driscoll, Isabell Dunn, Mary Fleming, Helen Grogan, Sarah Hadley, Margaret Horan, Elizabeth Lenk, Agrippina Macewicz, Mary McAuliffe, Anne McAuliffe, Barbara McNamara, Rosemary Robert, Eva Salviuolo, Isabelle Sandstrom, Ruth Small, Kathryn Stafford, and Frances Sullivan.

Welcome!

PRES. CLINTON E. CARPENTER

The alumni of the W.S.T.C. have done many kind things for our school. As one evidence of our appreciation, we are sending to each of our three thousand graduates, this issue of our college paper, THE ACORN. From its pages you will get a glimpse of some of the activities going on and of some of the events scheduled for the near future. We hope that this publishing of an alumni number of THE ACORN may continue with the years. We invite you to send us news items of yourself and your work.

These are difficult times for everybody. Many things must be curtailed for the duration. We hope, however, that groups of graduates who wish to do so will feel free to use any part of our building for meetings. You are always welcome. We also want you to know that each graduate has a "standing invitation" to every activity which takes place here.

You have made it possible for two students annually to attend our school, through your scholarships. The Russell electric organ has been a daily source of inspiration and joy at our assemblies. For these and many other kindnesses we again say, "Thank you."

We look forward with confident anticipation to your reunion which we hope will take place soon. We trust that it may be the best get-together yet. We hope the classes will plan reunions for the morning and join together for a happy social time at the college in the afternoon.

MILITARY MUTTERINGS

BY BARBARA STEWART, '44

"In Dr. Farnsworth's class we studied the philosophy of "carpe diem" (enjoy the day); and this is very true concerning the days in the service. We prefer to let the present take care of itself but the past is something entirely different. We make new friends, see new things of interest; but one thing is true. All these new things could never take the place of the old if we should travel for years and see every known thing on the face of the earth."—*Bob Fox.*

"New Year's was not so pleasant in comparison with Christmas. It was at the time of Darlan's assassination, remember? Well, we were in a state of alert so that many of us could not even be off from invitations we had received. The restaurant owners tore their hair out, for they had cooked special dinners for those crazy, rich Americans. The little Arat boys are still doing a great business begging for cholocate, chewin' gum, and bon-bons."—*Leo Charbonneau.*

(Continued on Page 4)

ANNUAL SCHOLARSHIP TEA TO BE HELD MAY 1ST

Esther Forbes, Worcester's Outstanding Literary Figure, To Be Honored by State Teachers' College at School Gymnasium

BY DR. LAWRENCE A. AVERILL

TO BE GUEST OF HONOR

ESTHER FORBES

It is a pleasure to inform the alumnae that the now annual Scholarship Tea will be held in the College Gymnasium on May Day, from 3:00 to 5:00 in the afternoon. For a number of years all of us at the College have been grateful to the Graduates' Association for the annual scholarships which it has made available to deserving students. You can never know how much your generosity has meant, and is meaning, to those in the student body who have been so fortunate as to be awarded these magnificent grants. It is difficult to imagine any nobler use of money than in helping promising adolescents to secure an education. Benefactors of youth, indeed, have our loyal alumnae been in providing many a young woman with financial assistance up the educational pathway.

Following your example, we at the College inaugurated three new scholarships last year, financing them through the income derived from a Scholarship Tea, held in May. These scholarships were (1) the *Nancy Burncoat Scholarship for Freshmen;* (2) the *William B. Aspinwall Scholarship for Freshmen;* and (3) the *M. Harriette Bishop Scholarship for Freshmen.* Liberal gifts received from many friends of the College last year made it possible for us to set up these three scholarships, which will, of course, be awarded every year hereafter to deserving freshmen. Each one of them will be henceforth seventy-five dollars, and will be an outright grant to the recipient.

This year, we are adding another scholarship for freshmen: the Esther Forbes Scholarship. Miss Forbes captivated us all at chapel earlier this year with her intimate account of her work in literature. Author of "Paul Revere and the World He Lived In," Miss Forbes is Worcester's outstanding literary figure as well as one of the leading writers in America today. Graciously, she has permitted us to do her honor at our Scholarship Tea, and to perpetuate her name at the College in the new *Esther Forbes Scholarship for Freshmen.*

Already we are receiving generous subscriptions to the Tea, both from old friends and from new. It can be safely asserted that the new scholarship is already assured financially for the current year, if we may judge by the volume of gifts and of ticket reservations already pouring in. This year's Tea gives promise of surpasing last year's, gratifying as that was to us all.

Of course, we want as many of you as can possibly come on May 1st to be present for the great day! An intriguing program has been arranged, following the reception and tea. Miss Forbes will speak informally. Our own Miss Annabel Roe, formerly of the English Department, will present one of her scintillating book reviews, discussing "Paul Revere and the World He Lived In." We have invited Mrs. Frances A. Blanchard, Women's Clubs Editor of the *Boston Herald* and one of our outstanding S.T.C. alumna, to represent the Graduates in bringing greetings to the assembly. And to climax a happy afternoon, members of the College Dramatic Club, under the superb direction of Miss Kathryn R. O'Donnell, of the English Department, will present the playlet "Once Upon a Midnight" based upon the early life of Paul Revere and written by one of our seniors, Miss Esther Lipnick.

This is a broadcast to all the Alumnae of W.N.S. and of S.T.C. to save the date—May 1st—and spend the afternoon with us. Mr. Francis L. Jones, of the College, is chairman of tickets, and orders for tickets may be addressed to him. You will want to meet Miss Forbes, and she will want to meet you and feel the warm spirit that activates us all who are now or have been in the past connected with the old school!

Among the pourers will be your own President Miss Madelin A. Wilmarth, Mrs. William B. Aspinwall, Mrs. Clinton E. Carpenter, and Miss Marion Emerson. A live-wire committee under the capable direction of Miss G. Eleanor Shaw of the Art Department has charge of decorations for the Gymnasium.

THE ACORN

(Issued monthly by students of W. S. T. C.)

Esther Lipnick, '43 ..... Editor-in-Chief
Christine Flynn, '43 ..... Associate Editor
Ruth McCurn, '43 ..... Literary Editor
Eleanor Looney, '44 ..... Columnist
Barbara Cypher, '44 ..... Columnist
Marion Harrington, '44 ..... Club Editor
Betty Holm, '45 ..... Art Editor
Virginia Sheehan, '45 ..... Business Manager
Ruth Monahan, '43 ..... Reporter
Barbara Stewart, '44 ..... Reporter
Eleanor Kelliher, '45 ..... Reporter
Ann Brady, '46 ..... Reporter
Katharine Kane, '45 ..... Reporter

Faculty Adviser, Miss Kathryn R. O'Donnell

MEAT SUBSTITUTE AMONG MEAT SUBSTITUTES

A great sage once aid that within every problem were the seeds of its solution. Our latest puzzler is what to use in place of meat, and the Soy Circle herewith offers its solution, a simple recipe in the preparation of the soy bean.

The soy bean is said today to have more uses than any other known plant. Yet, until recently, United States farmers grew it only occasionally as a rotation crop which put nitrates back into the soil, and was useful at the same time for forage. The discovery of the many other uses of the soy bean was the work of chemists and food specialists, though much of what they found out scientifically had been learned long ago by practical experience in the Orient, the native home of the plant.

Soy beans contain all the vitamins, especially "B", and twice as much protein and fat as beef. They are almost free of starch and sugar, and so can be fed to diabetics. They produce a milk more digestible than cow's milk. Other food products made from soy beans are coffee substitutes, cheese, macaroni, pancake flour, sausage filler, lard and butter substitutes, salad and cooking oil, and soy bean sauce or *shoyu*. The pulp or cake, called soy-bean meal, is a good fertilizer.

In industry, soy-bean oil has become a rival of cottonseed oil and linseed oil. It is used in paints, varnishes, enamels, soap, linoleum, and printing ink. The protein from the soy bean resembles casein from cow's milk, and is used in paints, paper sizing, glue, and waterproofing for textiles. This protein, combined with formaldehyde, yields plastics for making automobile parts, notably gearshift knobs, window strips, and push buttons. Henry Ford was a pioneer in developing the industrial uses of the soy bean.

The scientific name of the soy bean is *Soja max*. It is two to four feet tall, with branching stems and three-parted leaves. The small lilac-colored flowers mature into pods containing from two to five beans. Stems, leaves, and pods are covered with stiff reddish hairs. Manchuria is the chief source of soy beans in the Orient. The beans provide the protein otherwise lacking in the meatless diet of the poorer people of Japan and China. Hundreds of varieties are cultivated.

The United States, into which the plants were introduced in 1804, cultivates about 60 varieties. The soy bean has become one of the nation's leading cash crops, with the Middle West as the producing area. The Department of Agriculture, Washington, provides extensive literature on the soy bean, upon request. Some varieties of the edible soy bean are grown very successfully in Massachusetts. In fact a fine crop was gathered last fall on the Tremblay farm in Dudley.

Do you remember how you learned to like olives, a distinctly acquired taste, wasn't it? You may encounter the same emotional conflict when you attempt soy beans, but we urge you to persevere until you really crave them. They are excellent for all types of humanity, building strength and the feeling of well being in the underweight, and producing a satisfied feeling in the overweight. In other words they are not acid producing, and do not lead to overeating, or to that false hunger that brings on overeating.

Here is the recipe at last, one that was experimented upon for some time and, to the Soy Circle, quite the most satisfactory yet. We share it with you.

Take one cup of soy beans, wash well, place in deep bowl. Pour on scalding water to cover well, cover bowl tightly, and let soak overnight. When ready for use, pour water into a jar for future use (preferably within 24 hours, and kept in the ice box), pass the soy beans through the food grinder. Place the ground beans in a sauce pan, cover with fresh water and boil gently for one-half hour. You may then use them as vegetable, seasoning with salt and butter, or you may add them to soup stock, either fresh or canned, adding to the soup also the water in which the beans remained overnight.

The purpose of keeping the soaking water until the soup is ready for final heating and serving, is that this water contains valuable minerals and vitamins, and cooking would destroy them. Remember, gently cooking, low heat. These beans are very precious in their food content, and must be cooked gently to retain all their best properties. When you once learn to eat these beans, you will continue, we feel sure, and you can easily develop your own recipes.

Just one more fact—soy beans require an eight-point stamp per pound.

Vision

By Celestine Terroy, '45

The night was bright and starry,
The moon shone full and bold
As if it beamed on a peaceful world—
But no—tales of tortures were told;
Your ship lay in anchor
So frightening, fearless, and gray,
You stood there with your comrades,
My heart was heavy—you were going
away.
You did not see me
As you climbed aboard,
For you knew not I was there—
I had come without a word.
The moments seemed an eternity
As your ship left shore,—
The whistles, the noise, the people
Seemed not as they were before.
You were going—going—going—
I suddenly wanted to scream,
Your ship was now in the distance.
—And the moon continued to beam.

Orchids . . . .

To President Carpenter from the Acorn Staff—for his encouraging remarks regarding our work. . . . It's such stimulating words that make us strive for bigger and better issues.

To the alumni for our beautiful organ.

To Private Fred Kelley for graduating second in his class in Photography. . . . Keep it up, Instructor Kelley.

To Miss O'Donnell . . . for making us laugh, the purpose of her Assembly program.

To Peg Horan and the Assembly Committee in general for the splendid assemblies we've had.

To the donors of blood plasma for the Blood Banks.

To the donors of books in the Victory Book Campaign . . . and the books look interesting, too.

To Miss McKelligett for the revival choral reading. . . . We like it. . . . Let's have more

None to those two Boston teachers who refused to vote because it was a legal holiday. . . . Such "patriots" belong in Berlin, not Boston.

To Leo Charonneau for being promoted to Staff Sergeant . . . in the wilds of Africa.

To Martha Ruin and Betty Kennedy for selling stamps and bonds so cheerfully every Friday noon. They are doing their part. Are you doing yours?

To Miss Foster for her continuous success in placing girls in happy apprenticeship situations.

To Major Dixon and his Marines! . . . The Major's first-hand account brought the real war home to us.

To Mr. Jones and Miss Kendrick for their extra teaching at Massachusetts School of Art and Framingham S.T.C. respectively to help in the emergency.

To all those who are helping to make the Author's Tea a success.

To Miss Webber and Miss James for cooperating so willingly with our newspaper staff.

SEEDLINGS . . .

Well, spring is here, kids. Better fasten your safety belts or we're liable to have trouble with attendance—besides, if you're not here, you might miss something, for example, the Junior Class wedding which will be solemnized (more or less) any day now. We'll give you a hint, the *bride's* a 'marine!!!—We nominate for our "Some People Are Never Satisfied Department" Venise who after having received a lift uptown from Vinnie Howe was heard to exclaim, "Oh heck, now I'll have to spend a dime to get home. I forgot to get a transfer."—Far be it from us to complain, but we're beginning to think that the army has a grudge against us. First John's furlough was postponed, then Boo's was canceled and now Paul writes that he might just possibly be home about July or August. We are wiring to the C.O. to promise that if we can borrow the kids for just a day or two, we'll see that they are returned in reasonably good condition [illegible] sonally. (What a lovely thought!)—Everyone of us has a certain opinion of his own individuality but few are as candid about it as Peg Sullivan. The other day we were discussing the contention that telling the Santa Claus story to children obscures the meaning of Christmas. Peg was stating in no uncertain terms that she personally had believed in Santa Claus when she was small but had never lost sight of the true meaning of Christmas. Dr. Averill interposed gently, "But, Miss Sullivan, wouldn't you say that you are one-in-a-million?" And Peg went on composedly, "Well, yes, I suppose I am!"—If there is one thing we dislike it's catty people, but it does seem more than a little suspicious when "Penelope" Maloney comes to school with straight hair one day and curls the next. What's more, whenever Dr. Farnsworth talks about Louis Bregou, Penelope nods understandingly.—We must confess, we were afraid that we'd lose touch with the elementaries now that they are out teaching, but it isn't so. The Breakfast Club is an established institution, as is the Alumnae and Undergraduate Discussion and Study Group, which meets every afternoon at a local Bookstore(?).—If you're looking for a man with imagination, you might ask Grace about her famous composition which begins, "One day Magna Charta went out hunting with his father." Or if you like straight unadulterated "stuff" we recommend a pal of Boo's. (Name and address on request.) But for sheer intellectual pleasure remember the Junior Assembly which is now in the process of construction. The trouble is that we get only a little way through rehearsal when the cast is so overcome with the beauty, the emotional fire, the intense honesty of the story that we never have reached the second act.—Now we know you will excuse us if we use this space for a little personal correspondence:

Dear Mr. Goldwyn:

We are sure you are making a wise decision. The ensemble is exceptionally talented and the routine is absolutely unique. There are two girls hiding behind two others who are facing. The lyrics run, "I see you, I see you, tra-la-la-la-la-la-la." At the proper moment the hidden girls peep out and when their glances meet the entire ensemble faints because the sight is so horrible. Of course, we won't be able to come until June because we are absolutely essential here, but be patient, Mr. Goldwyn. Remember, as the French say, "C'est la guerre."

Flora and Fauna

1700 1843
Worcester, Culture as Usual

By Christine Flynn

There are tides in the cultural affairs of men,—the ebb tide, coming in April, usually sees the finish of concerts, lectures, exhibitions, and such indoor diversions. The incoming tide brings high interest in nature, in the ground work that promises beautiful summer flowers and bountiful autumn crops.

Just so the Worcester Art Museum closed its series of Sunday Afternoon Musicales with the concert of the Harvard Glee Club, April 11, 3 p. m. This concert is one of the highlights of the season.

The exhibition of Twentieth Century Portraits will continue through Sunday, April 18.

All programs are open to the public.

The Natural History Museum, State Street, continues its exhibitions of the art, literature, music, and folk customs of foreign lands for several weeks to come.

Gardening will be of paramount importance this year and the Worcester Natural History Museum has scheduled expert instruction in the fields of horticulture and bee keeping. The following courses began March 23, and will continue for ten weeks. Even if you missed the opening lectures, join as soon as possible in an opportunity to obtain such vital instruction, for now and forever. You know that vine cottage you envision? Make your dream come true by learning how.

The courses:

Tuesday, 7:30 p.m., *Herb Gardens and How to Plant Them*, by Ben Charles Harris.

Tuesday, 7:30 p.m., *Flowers and Flower Growing*, Lecturer to be announced.

Tuesday, 7:30 p.m., *Bee Keeping*, by Eugene Trainor.

Wednesday, 7:30 p.m., *Victory Gardens*, by Eugene O. Parsons. Ten lessons.

Bushong Studio

Class Photographers

1939-1943

CONFUCIUS SAID - -

The great Master once said, "Amongst any trio I find a teacher." The importance of anyone in this profession has changed through the ages. Confucius considered it an eminent one, so did Socrates. At one time, however, the teacher was something not unlike the churchmouse, a necessary evil. There were the days in early colonial history when the master of the birch rod rode from house to house to be fed. Then there was someone who said, "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach." Many people believe that—(they have never tried to teach!).

Today, however, teaching holds its own and its importance, its significance, its worth is comparable to the two greatest professions, Medicine and the Ministry.

The importance of Education, needless to say, is recognized by any intelligent man and woman, but the importance of the man who transmits learning, the teacher, was never probably realized until today. The absence of many teachers due to the war, the confusion into which many schools have been thrown because of this shortage has brought to the attention of the public the necessity of teachers and the need for more of them.

Before the war it was, "Oh, you poor thing, you're going to be a teacher!" Or, "Going into teaching! Why, you'll never get a job." Today it's, "You're going to be a teacher. That's swell. We need teachers." We smile again and remember former remarks.

Necessity has been called the mother of many things. Add to it another child, the recognition of the worth of a teacher. "O tempera, o mores!"

Teacher Shortage

Miss Verna White

That there is a teacher shortage is no longer a debated question. Willard Givens, Executive Secretary of the N.E.A. says, "The serious shortage of teachers anticipated a year ago is now an actuality." Whereas in the beginning this situation was felt mainly in the rural sections because the cities were draining those areas, now the city school systems are getting to the end of their substitute lists. The facts and figures given in the following excerpts present the universalness and seriousness of this situation more impressively than any general statements that could be made.

"One of the most acute and little-publicized shortages in this period of scarcity of rubber, oil, and food is the diminishing number of school teachers."—*N. Y. Herald-Tribune,* Apr. 4, 1943.

The N.E.A. predicts a shortage of 50,000 teachers in the United States next Fall.—N.E.A. Research Dept.

"In Illinois 1,000 rural schools have closed."—*Time,* Jan. 4.

"Here in Mass. 2,500 teachers will be needed in Sept. and less than 500 possible replacements will be coming from the teachers' colleges of the state."—*Boston Globe,* Mar. 23.

"Registration in teachers colleges throughout the country indicate a 34% decline in student personnel, according to a study of the American Ass'n of Teachers Colleges."

In Maine enrollments in the normal schools have dropped more than 52% since 1938.—*Teacher Education Journal,* Mar. 1943.

It is not the province of this article to discuss the many factors operating to cause this shortage nor to evaluate the many emergency devices employed by local boards to solve the problem; its chief aim is to point out the long-range implications of this critical state of affairs.

Today the birthrate in the country is the highest of all times. This means that in five or six years there will be a flood of pupils in the first and second grades. Because of the low depression years' birthrate of the last decade the personnel and facilities for the primary grades have been cut to the minimum. It will be impossible to build up overnight a corps of teachers to meet the expansion which is inevitable, in addition to filling in the depleted ranks. The teachers for these years must be recruited and be in the process of training now.

Another critical problem which is presenting itself and will continue to face the country through the war years is the greatly increased rate of juvenile delinquency. There are many factors which have induced this situation. Absence of parents from the home, caused by service in the armed forces and work in the defense factories, has lessened the supervision of the children. Community organizations and social agencies, designed to give the children wholesome forms of recreation, have been curtailed to make way for the immediate war effort. Dim-out regulations have afforded opportunities for misdemeanors of all kinds. The general trend toward evasion of ration restrictions by adults has had its repercussions upon the youth of the country. If, to add to all this the schools must be closed because of lack of teaching personnel, the situation will be greatly aggravated.

"Here is a problem," says the editor of the *Worcester Telegram,* which should be of serious concern, not only to the school authorities immediately concerned with personnel replacements, but to those postwar planners who are concerned with the future fate of the country. In spite of the present day emphasis on learning how to shoot a gun or drive a jeep, fundamental education in the three R's will continue to be necessary if all our dreams of a better world are to be realized."

DO YOUR PROTEGEES ASPIRE TO TEACH?

Have you any young friends who might choose teaching for a career? We shall be very happy to send you catalogues of courses of study offered at S.T.C., or if you prefer to send us their names and addresses we shall forward copies to them.

This Is Our First

This is the first year that a newspaper has been published at S.T.C.!

This is the first time that an Alumni Page has appeared in the issue, but we hope to have it make a repeat performance yearly. We solicit your contributions to make it a success. If you have any alumni notes you'd like printed, won't you send them along to us?

Welcome!

Every one of us has said upon receipt of a particularly valuable gift, "Oh, isn't there something I can do to repay you?" and felt very much indebted when the answer was "No". But we do have something to offer the graduates who have been so generous to us. These offerings are not very much; but if you will accept them, we shall feel a little less selfish.

We like to have you come to see us. You may come to our Glee Club concerts, Dramatic Club plays, and intercollegiate debates. You are welcome to attend our daily and special assemblies. If you are near the school at lunch time, we particularly urge you to use our cafeteria. You will find delicious home-cooked food at reasonable prices and in pleasant surroundings. Perhaps you belong to a professional organization which would like to hold a meeting in our building. In the past year we have been host to such groups as the Worcester County Superintendents' Association, the Elementary School Principals, the Massachusetts Mental Hygiene Association, and several Parent-Teacher groups as well. Avail yourself of one or all of these opportunities. We'll be waiting for you.

Lunch with us! The cafeteria at W.S.T.C., always sunny, always attractive, and always Good Food! Lunches served from 11:30 until 1:00 P.M.

It's Your Service Flag, Too!

On the right wall of our auditorium is a service flag with eleven stars—each for a *boy* in the service. Yet hardly a week has passed without a notice of another graduate of our college having entered one of the women's organizations. Our service flag is not an attempt to enumerate the total contribution of our school to the war services. That would be an almost impossible task. Our alumnae are scattered over the country. We are able to keep in contact with only a part of the graduate organization and that only at intervals. Any tabulation from newspaper accounts would be insufficient, for many names would be overlooked. Therefore, the flag represents only the student body now in residence—only the students who have interrupted college activities to serve in the armed forces. But we are no less proud of you graduate soldiers and sailors because you cannot claim one of the eleven stars on the flag. Your star is there. We didn't put it there but you did. It doesn't show to the casual eye, but you know it's there and we know it's there. And that, after all, is what counts.

IN THE MAIL

Fort Des Moines, Iowa

"As you can see, I have arrived. I was sworn into the W.A.A.C. on Jan. 16, and left Mass. for here on Jan. 30. The trip out was one for the records. We were supposed to have a pullman; instead it was one of the 1850 coaches, with nice, hard, green plush seats, out of water half of the time; and a field mess kitchen which provided us with food. It was not the most luxurious of accommodations, but we did have fun.

"All that first week, we were kept so busy no one had a chance to get lonesome nor homesick: drilling, lectures, shots, mess calls, scrubbing, cleaning, getting uniforms, and whatnot. On the Saturday following we were moved to "Boom Town" where we take our basic training. "Boom Town" is the new part of the post that has been built since the W.A.A.C. took over. The routine here is as follows:

6:15 A.M.	—Lights on
6:30	—Reveille
6:45	—Mess Call
7-8	—Clean barracks
8-11:30	—Classes and drill
11:45	—Mess
12-1 P.M.	—Free (sometimes)
1-4:30	—Classes and drill
5:00	—Retreat
5:30	—Mess
9:30	—Lights out

Since I've been here I've already had K.P. details twice. Here it is assigned alphabetically and not because we have been misbehaving! To date, I have enjoyed every part of the life—even the scrubbing woodwork, washing windows, mopping floors, etc. Right now I am in bed, nursing a cold—one of those that I used to get at S.T.C.—when I couldn't talk. The gals are all around talking, singing, hollering. So if this letter is disjointed, don't blame it all on me.

"Tell Dr. Shaw one of our classes is map reading, and I'm an A student. (No wonder, he taught me most of it years ago.)"

Sincerely,

Betty Benedict
A-115199 Co. 2, Regt. 3
Army Post Branch
Des Moines, Iowa

Did You Hear This One?

The one about the little moron who put bird seeds in his shoes because he had pigeon toes.

* * *

The one about the little moron who came home and said, "Gee, ma, I'm sure glad you named me Charlie, because all the kids in school call me that."

* * *

Did you hear the one about the little moron who was walking down the street wearing one green sock and one red one. His friend met him and said, "Hey, you've got two-color socks on."

"Yeah," came the retort, "and I've got a pair just like these at home."

* * *

The one about the newlywed who roasted her first turkey and proudly placed it on the table before her hubby.

"Oh, darling," he said, "you stuffed it, too?"

"Oh, no dear," she answered, "it wasn't hollow."

BUY BONDS!

Alumni in Military Services

WAVES

Miss Ruth Richards, '38, Worcester; Miss Frances Biadasz, '35, Webster; Miss Ruth F. Coburn, '35, Miss Mary T. Flynn, '39, and Miss Mary L. McDonald, '39, Worcester; Miss Louise Norbery, '35, Uxbridge.

SPARS

Mrs. J. Stanley Lloyd, the former Miss Edna Mae Smith, '39, Worcester; Miss Elizabeth Derby, '36, North Brookfield.

WAACS

Miss Marion Donaldson, '37, Worcester; Miss Mary Elizabeth Benedict, '37, Rutland.

Thanks for the Organ

(Note: In the first issue of the Acorn, the following article appeared. We'd like to have you of the Alumnae read our reaction to it.)

Chapel exercises at W.S.T.C. have gained an added beauty and dignity. Senior Day, for instance, was greatly enhanced by the solemnly touching music of the organ as Seniors, newly garbed in cap and gown, marched down the center of the Auditorium to the tune of the College Hymn. The Alumni have brought something unusually beautiful into the lives of students and faculty at the college by their gift of an organ, and we are deeply grateful.

The presentation of the organ was made on Saturday, October 24, 1942, at a reunion of graduates of the college. It was presented by Miss Madelin A. Wilmarth, president of the Graduates' Association, as a memorial to a dearly beloved principal of the early normal school, E. Harlow Russell, and the organ will be known by this name.

REFRESHER COURSES IN PROGRESS AT S.T.C.

Would you like to refresh your teaching methods in preparation for substitute teaching during the emergency and this teacher shortage? Refresher courses are being given at S.T.C. for this purpose. Courses began on April 5th and will continue until June 4, 1943. Hours are from 9 A.M. until 3 P.M. Instructors are as follows: Reading Methods and Observation, Miss Foster; Arithmetic, Miss West; Language Spelling, Miss White; Geography, Dr. Shaw; History, Dr. Farnsworth; Psychology and Health of Children, Dr. Averill; Music, Miss Kendrick; Art, Miss Shaw.

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Printers to The Acorn

83 Days On a Raft

By Celestine Terroy, '45

Ed. Note: *You no doubt have seen the emaciated faces of the three young men who were recently rescued after being afloat on a raft for 83 days. One of the survivors was a classmate of Celestine Terroy's and here she gives us a bit of the inside story.*

Just for a moment think of being adrift in the middle of an ocean on a raft eighty-three days. It isn't a pleasant thought, and you undoubtedly want to dismiss it from your mind immediately, since such a harrowing experience would never happen to you! But now think of it happening to someone you know—someone from your high school class—someone who sat beside you when you were a freshman, and borrowed your ink. It still is a very unpleasant thought, but you can't dismiss this one from your mind quite so readily—because it is so horribly true.

The parents of Basil Izzi, Mr. and Mrs. Dominic Izzi of Barre, Mass., received word just before Thanksgiving, 1942, that their son was missing in action. Although there came no word of encouragement for nearly three months, Mrs. Izzi refused to believe that her son was dead, and it was only through deep and constant faith in prayer that she was able to continue her fervent belief. On February 1, 1943, Mr. and Mrs. Izzi were notified by the Navy department that their son was "safe and in good health." They received no further information from the Navy department or from their son for over a week. The only information they were able to obtain was from the newspapers which had printed brief accounts of a harrowing experience in which death claimed two of a party of five sailors who were adrift at sea on a tiny life raft, the three survivors having been adrift for 83 days before being rescued by a warship off the coast of Brazil. One of these survivors was Basil Izzi! Word came to Mr. and Mrs. Izzi that Basil was in a hospital somewhere in Brazil recovering from the effects of terrible exposure, hunger, and thirst.

Then came the joyful day when the Izzi household received a three page letter written by Basil himself. He didn't say where he was, and the letter bore the out-of-country postmark, so there was no indication of his whereabouts until the newspapers reported that he was in a Brazilian hospital. In his letter Basil said he was getting along all right, and the fact that the letter was written in his own handwriting allayed his family's fears somewhat about his physical condition. His chief concern in this letter was for his mother who, he realized, had gone through a very trying experience.

In later letters Basil told that his ship, a United Nations freighter, was torpedoed November 2, 1942, off the coast of South America. Two torpedoes hit the ship, and it sank rapidly. Said Basil, "I jumped overboard. For two days and nights I stayed afloat by holding to wreckage. Finally I sighted a raft with four men on it. They pulled me aboard. . . . The food lasted about 16 days, although our water supply lasted until the 25th day. . . . With the food gone, we started catching sharks, little fish, and birds. We got the first shark, about four feet long, with a lassoo. . . . The birds—I think we caught about 23 which alighted on the raft. . . . We prayed each evening and all day on Sundays."

One of the men died on the 66th day and another died on the 77th day; both were Americans. Their bodies were dropped into the sea while Basil and the two Dutch companions prayed.

Once the remaining group of three saw an airplane. On January 24, 1943, they sighted a convoy and signaled one of the vessels. Thus they were rescued on the 83rd day.

Basil was a member of the class of 1941 of Barre High School; he played on the varsity baseball team. He enlisted in the Navy in April, 1942, and at the time of his enlistment was employed by the Charles C. Allen Co. of Barre.

One of the most remarkable factors regarding Basil's adventures was that he as well as his mother never gave up hope of being saved "because I knew God was with me all the way."

Who Knows?

By Barbara Stewart, '44

Who knows
What the days may say
As what the nights may tell?
Who knows
What the months have told
Or what the years may hold?
Who knows
What our future or destiny,
Or what our life may be?
Who knows?

Student Council Builds Morale

The Council is still urging the school to do its part in morale-building by constant letter writing to our boys in service. The newest innovation can be credited to Miss Banigan who suggested the posting of sheets of paper to be filled in at random by diverse thoughts of students and faculty who pass by the bulletin board. We know these letters will prove of much interest to the boys because of their Round Robin nature.

The Council recently made a suggestion to the school which met with great delight and brought a unanimous vote of approval when a vote was taken. It suggested using the ninety dollars allotted by the Budget Committee for the New York trip which was cancelled this year for a radio-phonograph. This phonograph, which has already been purchased, is available for club meetings and social functions. And do we love it!

The Council is at present also busy with plans for a trip to the Blood Bank. S.T.C. students will go en masse some time in April. Some have done their bit already by donating to the cause.

Classes at YW In Swimming

Great news for aquatic enthusiasts! Swimming classes have begun at the YWCA with an unexpected number at S.T.C. signing up for the 10 week swimming course. Classes are being held for both swimmers and beginners, and instruction will be given in (1) Learning to Swim (2) Improving Strokes (3) Learning to Dive and (4) Improving Diving. Classes meet every Wednesday from 4 to 4:45 and will continue for ten weeks. Miss Clark is one of the instructors.

Those taking the swimming instruction are: Mary Gannon, Helen Grogan, Isabelle Dun, Eva Salviuolo, Margaret Horan, Dorothy Drawbridge, Eleanor DeMille, Venise Withstandley, Doris Syverson, Barbara Stewart, Marie Kenary, Dorothy Holden, Claire George, Katharine Kane, Alice Syverson, Eleanor Kelliher, Virginia Sheahan, Virginia Palmer, Janet Marsh, Eleanor Wentworth, Marion McCann, Betty Holm, Joan Smith, Regina Labenski, Ruth Connolly, Frances Streeter, Ruth Laurel, Elizabeth Speckman, Mary Reeves, Winifred Rushford, Ruth Tucker, Barbara Tomolonius, Maureen Warner, and Hester Hanley.

Ghosts of Words and Music

The Beethoven *Moonlight Sonata* depicts in marvelous tone quality the true mood of night, the unfathomable, the unknown, the unspoken. It might well be classified among the "songs without words." Perhaps composers feel that listeners ought to contribute something when their works are being re-created in performance, even if the words are never recorded.

When Le Cercle Français, under the direction of Miss Marguerite C. McKelligett, formulated plans for a student assembly and decided upon the choral reading of Victor Hugo's *Les Djinns*, or the spirits of night, their plans were not finished. Since the reading was to be prepared for a non-French-speaking audience the question of suitable musical background to aid in the interpretation of the spirit of the poem, had to be considered. The *Moonlight Sonata* was found to be ideal. Moreover, Beethoven is beloved by the French, as is their own Victor Hugo.

You will recognize the music when you hear it in the future. As to the poem and French words—here is the final stanza of *Les Djinns* which you should never forget:

On doute
La nuit . . .
J'écoute:—
Tout fuit,
Tout passe;
L'espace
Efface
Le bruit.

The Literary Club Reviews Current Fiction

At the March meeting of the Literary Club, Betty Driscoll, '43, read selections from *Legends of the Rhine*. Members then discussed the current books *Valley of Decision*, by Marcia Davenport, and *Guadalcanal Diary*, by Richard Tregaskis. Noel Coward's motion picture, *In Which We Serve*, was also reviewed by the club.

Signs of S. T. C.

By Katharine Kane, '45

It's S.T.C. with the music and the laughter emerging from the lounge . . . The sudden quietness and emptiness around the once noisy men's room . . . The open letters on the bulletin board table from S.T.C. men in the service . . . The crowds leaving for the movies every Friday afternoon after 3:30 . . . The sophomores rushing madly for the library and nearly knocking poor Miss Fitch over for the history readings on the day before the current exam with Dr. Winslow . . . The seniors looking very dignified and proud (also uncomfortable) in their gowns every Friday . . . The Junior Elementaries returning on Friday looking years older, and deeply concerned with problems of the "simply awful" younger generation . . . The anxious groups at the telephone before each dance waiting for the all-determining call from the all-important male . . . The crowd scanning the bulletin board for the latest news . . . The long lines waiting in the cafeteria on Fridays after assembly . . . The talking, laughing, and all 'round commotion when the sophomores are on their way to class . . . The sore and crippled students after calisthenics in gym . . . Mr. Jones' World Affairs students feverishly reading the N. Y. *Times* in an earnest and desperate effort to digest the "world situation" at a glance . . . The students sitting on the stairs leading to the library enjoying a brief respite before the awful plunge. . . .

Cupid and the Class of '42

Cupid seems to have been the mascot of the class of '42 judging from the number of marriages and engagements of its members. Those bearing the title of Mrs. are Betty Bennett, Betty Brigham, and Muriel Haslam.

As for engagements, this reporter has writer's cramp from noting them. Add to the ever growing list the name of Helen J. Wisnieski of South Deerfield. She is engaged to Private Edward J. Donnis of Hatfield. Miss Wisnieski is at present teaching in Sunderland.

Our own Bob Fox has received an honor from his commanding officer. We always knew he was good!

HEADQUARTERS, THIRD BATTALION
EIGHTH MARINES, REINFORCED
IN THE FIELD
23 January 1943

From: The Commanding Officer.
To: PFC Robert W. Fox,
344663, USMCR.

Subject: Commendation.

1. You are hereby most highly commended on the outstanding manner in which you performed your duties during the operation of this Battalion against the enemy at Guadalcanal, British Solomon Islands, on 14, 15, 16, January 1943.

2. The cool calm manner in which you so efficiently performed your duties was a very determining factor in the operation which terminated so successfully.

3. A copy of this letter will be placed in your service record book.

A. H. Fricke

Military Mutterings

(Continued from Page 1)

"As far as life up here is concerned all is fine and I have no complaints whatever, except that pay day is Sunday and I'm trying to budget about $.60 from now till then. There is really no great difference in America and Canada, except that they act a little suspicious about us. We have to be perfect in all we do, so we can set an example for all Americans."—*Paul Evans.*

"I've met Commissioner Downey's son, James, here at camp. It was accidental. We were both waiting for 'phone calls. From all sources I've heard about the Service Flag at school, and let's hope that there'll never be any gold stars. In the past five months you've completed a school term, the Allies have a wide field in Africa, and here I am dead broke. What a life!"—*John Melia.*

"We are scheduled to graduate some time in March. If I graduate, I'll be entitled to fly one to four engine planes. During my athletic periods, I'm taking up the manly art of self-destruction (boxing). Self-portrait—black eye and bruised nose—well, anyway, possibilities!"—*Ed McGee.*

"The time I used to go to bed I now fall out to freeze slowly while roll call is made. I almost forgot to mention that the Army is so considerate, that we had all day Sunday off and Saturday nite too. But, Sat. morning we had three shots, which made us so sick that we spent the weekend in bed."—*Dick Boy[illegible]*

"Things are moving very quickly here. I've finished 13 days of basic training and have five more to go. When that time is up, I'll be forced to leave this sunny tropical region. I've been going to quite a few USO shows and dances. There is plenty of recreation here, but not enough time to take advantage of all the fun."—*Hulty.*

"You mentioned the cold New England weather. Well, I'd a million times rather have that than this dry, electrified stuff they call air out here. It's so dry that at night when you turn over in your bed sparks of static electricity shoot from your fingers. This 'healthful' western air may help T.B. but it's awful stuff for drying your throat. But enough! Yon mess hall is spewing forth its fragrant aroma, so I must be off to the slop."—*Fred Kelley.*

"We were taken, to my surprise, to a hotel. Two new friends of mine and myself were given a beautiful room with three large single beds and private shower. When I woke up I thought I was dreaming, because there I was in one of the swankiest hotels in Miami Beach. After marching to and from, I realized these things were true and that I was not dreaming."—*Elias Barsoum.*

Compliments of
GEIGER'S
1118 Pleasant St. Worcester

M. Steinert & Son Co.
The Music Center of Worcester
308 MAIN STREET

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE AT WORCESTER MASSACHUSETTS

Franklin: "'Tis Foolish to Lay Out Money In a Purchase of Repentance." Buy Savings Stamps!

The Acorn

Hit Them Hard, Hit Them Fast, Win the Peace and Make It Last! BUY WAR BONDS!

"Big Oaks From Little Acorns Grow" — "The Child Is Father of the Man"

Vol. I | Worcester State Teachers College, Worcester, Mass., Friday, May 14, 1943 | No. 5

SENIORS PREPARE FOR COMMENCEMENT

Frances Lester Warner, Essayist, To Be Commencement Speaker

As the last issue of the Acorn goes to press the seniors are in the midst of signing contracts, worrying over escorts for a Senior Prom, and preparing for their commencement. It's an exciting time . . . a busy time. . . . Graduation will take place on June 11. The speaker for the occasion will be Frances Lester Warner, who is considered one of the outstanding essayists of the country. She is the author of such well-known works as *Inner Springs, Our Invisible Supply, Amateur's Holiday, Endicott and I, Groups and Couples, Life's Minor Collisions, On a New England Campus, Pilgrim Trails, The Pleasure of Your Company, Surprising the Family,* and others.

Class Day and Baccalaureate will be combined this year. They will both take place on June 7th. Rabbi Levi A. Olan, prominent Worcester rabbi, who captivated S.T.C. a few years ago with his inspiring talk, will return to our platform as Baccalaureate speaker.

The traditional Class Day exercises will not be omitted. They will consist of the planting of the ivy, presentation of the class gift, and the handing down of caps and gowns to the underclassmen. Awarding of prizes will also take place at this time.

On Wednesday, June 9, the faculty seniors, and guests, have been invited to tea at the home of President and Mrs. Carpenter.

Plans for the customary Senior Prom are yet in the nebulous stages of uncertainty, but from the feeling of most seniors it will be a prom "by hook, and by crook." Plans for a Senior Banquet are also in the stages of planning, but of the latter the Seniors are certain; one can come to that minus a Man!

Senior Swan Song

Christine Flynn, 43

Behold us the class of 43,
Prepared yet reluctant these halls to flee.
We place our trust in precepts just
And confidently face our destiny.

Adieu then to teachers and to class
For now our happy student days are nearly passed.
In all our strife to grow, you helped
These memories our treasure chests will clasp.

Blessings on thee, Alma Mater, dear,
Let each new class bring aspiration here.
And may on cheerful shoulders fall
The student's yoke, our legacy four years.

Debaters Wind Up Busy Season

On May 11th the Debating Society concluded its busy season of debates on the ever popular question, "Resolved: That the United Nations should establish a permanent federal union with power to tax and regulate international commerce, to maintain a police force, to settle international disputes and to enforce all settlements, and to provide for the admission of other nations which accept the principles of the union." The S.T.C. debaters, Carol Johnson and Esther Lipnick represented the affirmative and Worcester Tech, the negative. Following the debate, a social hour followed with Tech as host.

The same question has been debated with Holy Cross and Rhode Island State College by the following members of the club: Eleanor Looney, Eleanor DeMille, Kathryn Stafford, Katharine Kane, Lois Crowe, and Carol Johnson.

On April 27th the Debating Club participated in a Radio Discussion on the subject of "The Rôle of the Teacher in Wartime," with Rhode Island College of Education. Eleanor Looney and Katharine Kane represented S.T.C with Kathryn Stafford acting as chairman. Esther Lipnick substituted for Fitchburg State Teachers College, who, for reasons beyond their control, were unable to attend. It proved to be one of the most spontaneous programs ever presented with *ad libbing* at its best; at 8:15 with fifteen minutes to go, the group, due to Fitchburg's absence, ran out of material. But a college training has some use—quick thinking saved the day.

On May 17 the Debating Club will hold a final get together at the home of Miss Banigan, at which time Holy Cross will be their guest.

Dramatic Club Presents "Once Upon a Midnight"

The Dramatic Club lent much to the success of Esther Forbes' Tea with its presentation of a one-act play, "Once Upon a Midnight." The play was directed by Miss O'Donnell and depicted scenes from the life of Paul Revere. The staging was excellent and credit should be given Miss White who was in charge of furniture, much of which came from President's Carpenter's home.

The cast was as follows: Paul Revere, George Laird; Sara Orne, Anne McAuliffe; Rachel Walker, Margaret Horan; Dr. Joseph Warren, Emmett Fink; Sam Adams Mr. Osborne, and Paul Revere II, Thomas Shedd.

GLEE CLUB DIRECTOR

MISS GRACE A. KENDRICK

Glee Club to Present Concert On May 15th

The Glee Club Concert set for May 15 this year will be definitely of the streamlined war version variety. The stress will be on the Americas, both North and South, and [illegible]

The program, as planned by Miss Kendrick, will be divided into two parts. The first, featuring the glee club as a whole, will include the following numbers:

Modern "Fred Waring" versions of *Last Night the Nightingale Woke Me; Rock-a-bye Baby; Row Row Row Your Boat.*

A Negro spiritual, *Goin' to Walk the Golden Street,* arranged by Walter Justis.

A group of South American numbers, *Tutú Marambá,* a Brazilian folk songs, *Gay Fiesta,* Mexican, and *Doing the Samba.*

That much-talked-about patriotic song, *I Hear America Singing.* The accompanists will include Marion McCann, Denyse Tasse, Barbara Straw, Louise Temple, Ruth Tucker, Marion Harrington.

The second part of the program is very different from the traditional concert, inasmuch as it will consist of excerpts from the opera, *Hänsel and Gretel.* The cast of characters will include:

Hänsel—Eleanor Moosey
Gretel—Ruth Tucker
Witch—Dorothy Bell
Mother—Isabelle Sandstrom
Sandman—Eleanor Wentworth
Dawn—Kay Murphy
Chorus of five boys and five girls
Fourteen angels

Miss Denyse Tasse will accompany on the piano.

(Continued on Page 3)

Romance of Color Photography Subject of Newman Club Talk

Father Ahern Will Lecture Here On May 26th

The Newman Club welcomes back Reverend Michael J. Ahern, S.J., of Weston College as the speaker at its annual scholarship lecture on May 26 at 8:00 P.M. in the college auditorium of S.T.C. Father Ahern will lecture this year on "The Romance of Color Photography" and will accompany his talk with colored slides. No one who has ever seen Father Ahern's colored slides of flowers will ever forget the magnificence of color and beauty that was captured by the camera. This year's lecture promises to be just as interesting. Tickets may be obtained from the General Chairman, Mary McAuliffe or from any member of her committee which consists of the following: Mary Fleming and Isabel Dunn, Co-chairmen of the tickets, also Agrippina Macewicz, George Maloney, Grace Toombs, Katharine Kane, Virginia Sheahan, Barbara Tomolonius, Ruth Connolly and Evelyn Logan, Alumni: Maureen Cove and Marion McCann; Publicity: Lois Crowe and Ruth Monahan.

On Sunday, May 16, the members of the Newman Club will hold their annual Communion Breakfast at the Hotel Bancroft. All members will assist at the nine o'clock Mass at the Church of Christ the King. Committees for the Breakfast are as follows: Arrangements, Eleanor Kelliher and Betty Kennedy; favors, Anne McAuliffe and Frances Sullivan; tickets, Virginia Palmer, chairman, Mary Gannon, Mary Reeves, Hester Hanley, Mary MacDonnell and Mary Houlihan.

"Acorns" Enjoy the Sun or This Ain't Really Us

In case you think that this is the way the Acorn Staff operates, you're wrong. This happened when the sun decided to pay us a visit and a few of the Staff were for a moment free! Both events! Left to right: Artist, Betty Holm; Sophomore Sallies, Eleanor Kelliher. Top, l. to r.: S.T.C. Echo, Kay Kane; Ye Editor, Esther Lipnick, and her Associate, Chris Flynn.

MILITARY MUTTERINGS

By Barbara Stewart

"WHEREVER THEY ARE, THEY WANT MAIL"

Pfc. Robert J. Fox,
U. S. M. C., Co. M, 3rd Bn.,
Eighth Marines
C/o Postmaster San Francisco, Calif.

Sgt. Leo J. Charbonneau,
Law Enforcement Group, Hdq. Found. M.R.S.,
A. P. O. No. 600, U. S. Army,
C/o Postmaster, N. Y. City.

Pvt. Paul Evans,
339 Batry. C, B.B.Bn.,
Fort Brady, Michigan.

Lt. Edmund McGee,
Combat Crew, Training Wing,
Hendricks Field,
Sebring, Florida.

Pvt. John Melia,
Hq. Co., 2nd Bn.,
390 Infantry, 98th Div.,
Camp Breckinridge, Ky.

Pvt. Charles H. Farnum, Av. Cadet,
U. S. Navy Flight Prep. School,
Battalion 2, Platoon 2,
Williamstown, Mass.

Pvt. Richard Boulay,
Jefferson Barracks, Missouri.

Pfc. Warren Hultquist,
Oldsmobile Ordnance School,
Lansing Section, Lansing, Mich.
A/c. F. R. Kelley, Jr.,
Group III, Photography,
T.S.A.A.F.T.T.C.,
Yale University,
New Haven, Conn.

Pvt. Alfred R. Barrios, 11057875,
Group 6, Squadron D,
Hotel Richfield, Room 308,
Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Pvt. F. C. Elias Barsoum,
T.D. Flight 3D,
Eastern Oklahoma, A & M College,
Wilburton, Oklahoma.

Have You Chosen a Candidate Yet?

The Student Council is at present working on plans for elections which will be held in the very near future. It urges all clubs to be doing some thinking about efficient officers for the coming year, so that when schedules are posted, clubs will be ready to carry through elections speedily and effectively.

The Student Council wishes to thank all students and members of the faculty for their coöperation and interest throughout the year. Let's do our part and help elections go off smoothly as a measure of thanks to Miss Foster and the Student Council for their splendid work.

Pvt. Leo M. Sullivan,
Co. B, 28th Training Bn.,
M.P.R.T.C., Bldg. No. 2618,
Fort Custer Mich.

THE ACORN

(Issued monthly by students of W. S. T. C.)

Esther Lipnick, '43 ..... Editor-in-Chief
Christine Flynn, '43 ..... Associate Editor
Ruth McCurn, '43 ..... Literary Editor
Eleanor Looney, '44 ..... Columnist
Barbara Cypher, '44 ..... Columnist
Marion Harrington, '44 ..... Club Editor
Betty Holm, '45 ..... Art Editor
Virginia Sheehan, '45 ..... Business Manager
Ruth Monahan, '43 ..... Reporter
Barbara Stewart, '44 ..... Reporter
Eleanor Kelliher, '45 ..... Reporter
Ann Brady, '46 ..... Reporter
Katharine Kane, '45 ..... Reporter

Faculty Adviser, Miss Kathryn R. O'Donnell

THAT OLD FEELIN'

The bus still arrives at five minutes past nine, but we no longer run breathless into the college. It's with a more leisurely step that we cross the street and walk into the school driveway. Is this the last time . . . the last year. . . . No more rushing to class . . . no more cramming. There is a sudden tightening around the heart . . . and a bit of nostalgia overcomes us. . . . This is almost the end. . . . It's so near the end that in moments snatched from studies, planning, and worrying about the future, one can't help but reminisce. The first time we entered school, our Senior Sisters, the Freshman Reception. . . . The way Miss Scribner looked when we tried to draw our first frog and it looked so very much like anything but a frog. . . . The way Dr. Farnsworth could rattle off dates and the genealogy of the English kings. . . . Will we ever forget, *Rats, Lice, and History?* The way Mr. Jones could make Horace and Martial as alive as any twentieth century writer. . . . The way Miss O'Donnell made you like Wordsworth and nature. . . . "One impulse from a vernal wood—." Dr. Averill making a simple statement sound like something from the Bible. . . . Miss Holden making the Saturday Review of Literature one of the most interesting things in your life. . . . Watching the almost celestial glow in Miss Roe's eyes as she talked of her beloved English writers—especially Chaucer. . . . Running for all you are worth to the library to sign up first for the History readings assigned by Dr. Winslow and sitting in his class drinking in a history that opened your very naive eyes. . . . Learning to love "la belle France," learning the meaning of organization and standards, and the way a flower can brighten up a day, from Miss McKelligett. . . . Mr. Reardon, everybody's pal . . . and the Pearson Formula we never did quite learn. . . . The surprise and delight in finding that Miss White was the new teacher. . . . President Carpenter's inauguration—a memorable day. . . . Miss Kendrick drawing the student body into song while President Carpenter beamed. . . . Miss Banigan good naturedly listening to the whole class recite. "Gentlemen, I present this idea" . . . making us speech conscious. . . . Dr. Shaw and his geographic relationships . . . always willing to laugh with his class. . . . Miss Clark always fresh in a starched gym outfit while we trouped in, in wilted gym suits. . . . Mr. Osborne, good naturedly listening to the way we made a car run, in physics, and probably wishing that women had brains. . . . The three supervisors, Miss Foster, Miss West, and Miss Fitch proving that teaching is a fine profession. . . . Reminiscing. . . . Time to stop. . . . Wish we could be less sentimental. . . . It's only when one has to leave that one stops to realize what he's going to miss . . . Nostalgia they call it. . . . It's that old feelin', and we've got it . . . got it bad.

AN ALUMNA SAYS, "THANK YOU"

It was a mammoth task sending copies of the Alumni Issue of the ACORN to the Alumni and required an enormous amount of time, checking names and addresses, addressing envelopes, folding papers, and grouping letters according to towns. We all worked hard at S.T.C., but it certainly was worthwhile! . . .

The letters that poured in to Ye Editors desk were filled with sincere sentiments. Graduates who had completely lost contact with the school suddenly found themselves remembered and heartily welcomed back to old familiar halls. It was good to know that the ACORN had performed its mission of Good Will Ambassador between the old and the new.

One of the most touching expressions of appreciation came from Mrs. Ella L. Clark, a graduate of the old Normal School. At the Scholarship Tea she approached us and offered a contribution to the ACORN. She had noticed that we had ads and therefore concluded that we could use money. We informed Mrs. Clark that we were well "endowed' by the school appropriations, but she was firm in her desire to do something for the ACORN. We accepted Mrs. Clark's gift and were greatly touched by her fine gesture. The very idea of a graduate of 1900 wanting to do something for the present student body and associating herself with its doings was a most pleasant one. We hope that she and all the other graduates of our school will always feel that same bond of kinship—that tie between the past and the present—that warm and friendly feeling—that feeling of belonging.

Orchids . . . .

To Mrs. Ella L. Clark, S.T.C. Alumna, who so generously showed her appreciation of the ACORN . . . it was a fine gesture and a still finer thought.

To everyone at S.T.C. who helped to make the Esther Forbes Tea such a great success. . . . No smoother working committee could be asked for.

To Mr. Riordan, Miss Foster and their assistants in sending over 3,000 copies of the ACORN to the Alumni . . . it was a Gargantuan task.

To Ed McGee on becoming a Louey. . . . Congratulations, Lieutenant McGee! You're the first at S.T.C.

To Miss Dolores Magwood whose charming return to S.T.C. with her dancing pupils was such a delight and inspiration. . . . It certainly showed that a teacher training education is never lost.

To Professor Osborne for his good sportsmanship and good acting in the play presented at the Tea. . . . Such sportsmanship is certainly catchy.

To Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter for their cordial invitation to the Seniors and their guests to come to their home. . . . We realize the work it's going to be for Mrs. Carpenter and we appreciate our welcome.

To Dr. Shaw for making us Latin-American conscious. . . . We want to be Good Neighbors.

To Thomas Shedd, a student at Tatnuck School, for giving up some of his precious vacation to attend our rehearsals.

To Miss Banigan for her excellent training of speakers . . . who can fill in and *ad lib* over the air for fifteen minutes without any scripts or previous preparation.

To Miss West for her expert management of club appropriations. . . . The ACORN staff is especially grateful for her help.

To Emmett Fink for his helpfulness in typing material.

To Miss Winifred Fitch, the unsung heroine of S.T.C. . . . Her efficiency and help are responsible for much of our academic success.

To Miss Shaw for the way she has made Art at S.T.C. so functional and our lives more beautiful . . . for the inexplicable way in which she has created "artists."

To the Seniors for their unusual style show of May 7th.

To Miss Clark for having aroused such a great interest in swimmers to the extent that on Wednesday afternoons our corridors are virtually empty.

To Miss Scribner for making us nature conscious . . . a forgotten art in modern America.

To all students and faculty who remember to clear away dishes in cafeteria.

To Miss Fitch for her interesting heralding of Spring . . . the lovely plants reminded us that we can have Spring within even if the weather man declines to have Spring without.

To the Class of '47 who, under the guidance of Miss McKelligett, sold the most tickets for the Esther Forbes Tea.

To the S.T.C. staff of janitors for their constant willingness to cooperate.

SEEDLINGS . . .

Some people remember what they learn in class.—Some people remember what they hear in assembly.—But we are different. Into our memory book for this year we'll put these pictures—Dr. Farnsworth blushing when his instructions sounded more personal than he intended.—Emmett Fink being deluged with invitations to conduct a *walking* tour.—The dance team of Palmer and Logan receiving an offer from the management of the Plymouth Theatre.—The spectacle of "Else" with nary a fish on the string.—George Laird overwhelming the cuties from the Trade School so that they forget to get off at the right stop.—Dr. Shaw's claim of a geographic relationship as an excuse for keeping a picture of the "Onion Queen."—The mental hygiene class studying the effects of heredity and to a man thinking of Venise and her grandmother.—The elementaries trucking out every morning loaded down with paper "bunnies," lollipops, umbrellas, and shamrocks and actually enjoying it.—George Maloney feeling very lonely as the only conservative in a class of revolutionists.—Mr. Riordan having his wish for a class "who would disagree with the teacher"—overwhelmingly fulfilled.—Vinnie Howe waiting for the afternoon when there won't be any room left for him in his car.—Peg Sullivan buying a very nice new dress and George not even appreciating it.—"Phil" Brady feeling very professional when two of her students shout "Good morning, Miss Brady" while shopping uptown.—The sales-force at Thom McAn's visiting the sales-force at Sherer's and vice-versa during the Easter rush.—Miss Foster reading the Secondary units and being surprised at the fact that the Secondaries can write (and in English too).—Walter becoming accustomed to taking orders ("nuff" said).—Discussion groups of great educational value being carried on in such strange places as Easton's and the June Street Drug Store.

"Stew" twisting that lovely ring on her finger, and dreamin'—just dreamin'.—The Sophomores doing a very smooth job on the May Dance and making their sister and brother class very proud of them.—The very appreciative and totally undeserved response to our first literary efforts. If ever you are feeling blue and downhearted, let us know.—We'll send you the stories we couldn't print in the column.

Gratefully,
FLORA AND FAUNA.

"The schools of all the states are threatened with lessened efficiency just at the time in our country's history when the schools' contribution to the war effort is indispensable."

Compliments of
MRS. ELLA L. CLARK

"You are protecting your child against failure when you provide him with a good teacher."

1700 1943
Worcester, Culture as Usual

The School of the Worcester Art Museum has revised its schedule to include a special three months' course in drafting and mechanical drawing to run from April 1 through June 25 in response to the increased demands for trained draughtsmen in the defense industries. The Worcester Boys' Trade School is coöperating in the project having supplied blueprints and other material from its own courses. The museum facilities will be continued to be used in the study of industrial camouflage under Mr. Barnett's direction.

In answer to the demand engendered by the popularity of the motion picture series *The United Nations at War and at Peace* recently concluded, another series, *Films in Wartime* was offered May 1 to continue through June 26, every other Saturday at 3:00 P.M. Films are based on these subjects: Science and War, Vital Materials, Life in the Armed Forces, Military Action, and the Act of War.

The Educational Department has arranged *Color on Canvas*, the first in a series of interpretative exhibitions which will follow, as a supplement, the concluding section of the newly reopened exhibition, *Ways of Seeing*. It consists of an introductory series of charts demonstrating the three-fold nature of color, psychical, physiological and psychological, and a group of paintings selected to illustrate the various uses of color: to identify objects, to interpret nature, to create form, as decoration, and as an expression of mood. The exhibition incudes canvases by Van Hemenssen, Cezanne, Gauguin, Matisse, Both, and Bonnard.

An exhibition of painting, sculpture, and crafts by artists and craftsmen of Worcester County opens Saturday, May 15, to continue through June 27.

Utopia, Ltd. the light opera by Gilbert and Sullivan, having for its setting a tropical isle, with lyrics and music both typical and topical, will be presented at Tuckerman Hall, May 20, 21, and 22. It is one of the lesser known of these popular operettas, but very charming, both to the devotees of Gilbert and Sullivan works and to those who are making their first acquaintance through the current offering.

The Gift

BY CHRISTINE FLYNN, '43

One shining face
Two busy hands
One constant heart
Thru day
Thru night
Firm friendliness imparts.

In languid sickness
In glowing health
At work
At play
Devoted to myself.

Small, perfect extrovert
Poiséd and alert
Your life precisely circumscribed
My willing wrist to girt.

Glee Club

(Continued from Page 1)

Miss G. Eleanor Shaw will assist the committee working on the stage setting. The chairwomen of this committee are Misses Agnes Abram, Elizabeth Holm, and Anne McAuliffe. They will be assisted by members of the art classes and glee club.

GAY NINETIE'S ROMEO

By Katharine Kane, '45

It is always interesting and humorous to observe or reflect the antics of a preceding generation—and so all apologies to all "old timers", I describe my version of the "inside" of a typical Gay Ninetie's Date.

Our love-smitten Romeo arrives at his young lady's house at seven prompt. He is equipped with either a bouquet of flowers or a box of the best chocolates either of which is guaranteed to make the proper impression. He is met at the door by the girl of his dreams, Daisy, who very demurely escorts him into the parlor. Here he is introduced to her parents who give him a very thorough and entirely conclusive "going over". Wilbur, for that is his name, sits down gingerly on one end of the sofa; Daisy sits at the extreme other end. The fond parents take strategic positions opposite them. After a few very awkward moments Wilbur is asked some very pointed and not too subtle questions (while our heroine demurely drops her eyes). Daisy, after a nod from her mother leaves the room and returns with a large black photograph album. For the next half hour Wilbur is confronted with pictures of Daisy's relatives all the way from Great-uncle Joe, who fought in the Civil War, to the present generation. Some of the snapshots are unfamiliar to Daisy, so her mother very obligingly sits herself in between the two young people and "carries on". Wilbur attempts to say something about each photograph but after the first hundred he runs out of adjectives (that is the unobjectionable type) and can only manage a weak smile. At approximately five minutes of ten Daisy's father slowly takes out his watch, frowns at the innocent timepiece, and then slowly but distinctly yawns. Wilbur, who is a very bright young man, rises at this point, thanks his host for such a delightful evening, and bids his lady good-night, while her fond parents look on. Wilbur, who is content that he has made the proper impression and is happily aware of the look in Daisy's eyes as she said good-night, merrily whistles—"Wait till the sun shines, Nellie"—and our typical Gay Ninetie's date is brought to a close.

Said the first private to his earless buddy:

"It must have been hard for you to hear when you lost your first ear!"

2nd Private: "Yep, t'was."

1st Private: "How did you feel when you lost your other ear?"

2nd Private: "I couldn't see. My hat fell down over my eyes."

Sophomore Dance Proves Big Success

Mary Gannon, '43 Reigned As Queen of the May

On May 7 the Sophomores held their long awaited formal. Mary Gannon, '43, chosen by popular vote several weeks before, reigned supreme as Queen of the May. White marquisette set off her dark hair to full advantage. Her beauteous attendants were as follows: Seniors, Anne McAuliffe and Peg Ackley; Juniors, Grace Toombs and Louise Spongberg; Sophomores, Dot Holden and Eva Frazier; Freshmen, Denyse Tasse and Ruth Laurell.

The general motif was that of an outdoor summer garden. Betty Holm and her Decoration Committee transformed the gym into a gay panorama of color. Flowers of every hue decorated the gym; lawn chairs provided comfortable resting places for tired dancers. Nosegays were substituted for the usual dance orders and a delightful daisy chain was carried by the Queen's attendants.

Chaperones for the occasion were: Dr. and Mrs. Guy H. Winslow, Miss Kathryn R. O'Donnell, Miss Margaret M. Banigan, Miss Eleanor G. Shaw, and Mr. Francis L. Jones.

FROSH NOTES

Who says men are scarce? Mary Foley has just founded "Foley Date Bureau". . . . Dates will travel within a radius of fifty miles from Boston College, rain or shine. . . . For references see Claire Bertinaume, Ann Brady, and Janice Hale.

Florence Streeter is still chasing Charlie, and Charlie's still chasing Rommel.

Regina Labenski wishes us to put in this ad: If anyone sees an orchid suit for about thirty-five dollars, please put a deposit on it for her.

W.A.A. to Present Awards

The W.A.A. has selected an interesting blue and gold seal, designed by Betty Holm, '45, as the award to be presented to girls who have gained the required number of points for practice, games, and tournaments held after school hours. Points were earned for the following activities participated in during the year: basketball, hockey, soccer, soft ball, swimming, bowling, tennis, and ping pong. To earn the seal, Seniors must receive 50 points, Juniors 100 points, Sophomores 150 points, and Freshmen 200 points.

At an unannounced date during the latter part of May, the following girls will receive the school seal as an award: Kay Relihan, '43, Eva Salviuolo, 43, and Isabelle Sandstrom, '43, Eleanor Spear, '44, and Frances Wetherbee, '44, Maureen Cove, '45.

Three Seniors who have gained more than 75 points will receive a gold pin with the same insignia as the seal. They are Margaret Ackley, Jean Campbell, and Dorothy Bell.

It is expected that others will receive the seal, also, since practice is still being continued and the opportunity to increase one's score is still open.

MAY QUEEN

MARY GANNON

The Acorn *Staff wishes to take this opportunity to express its appreciation and thanks to all those who helped to make the paper a success—to Miss O'Donnell for her assistance as staff advisor, to President Carpenter for his encouragement in the beginning when things looked rather gray and difficult, to the contributors, to our advertisers, to The Heffernan Press for their fine handling and courteous service . . . and to all our friends we say Thanks a Million!*

Signs of S. T. C.

By Katharine Kane, '45

The S.T.C. reporters scanning the newspapers to see how much of the news was "cut" . . . The continual singing after the Thursday assembly . . . The new bridge craze in the lounge introduced by the freshmen and now taken over by enthusiastic upperclassmen . . . The faces hidden behind the Acorn on publication day (plug, plug) . . . The locker room "snacks" before Friday assembly . . . The "intellectuals' in the lib supposedly reading the Worc. *Telegram* Editorial page but really keeping up with Terry and the Pirates . . . The lengthy and heated discussions in the lounge on Teaching as a Profession, but always ending up with favorite subject, "MEN" . . . The Rochdale and Burncoat section complacently arriving late for first hour classes . . . The Geog. students earnestly tracing maps on windows . . . The muffled (and sometimes not so muffled) whispering in the library . . . The way the girls group at tables at the cafeteria . . . The moron jokes filtering around S.T.C. . . . Betty Kennedy and Martha Russin selling stamps and bonds every Friday, always smiling, as though business were always flourishing . . . The tired, empty weekend looks every Monday morning.

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La Belle France

Jeanne d'Arc, the glorious saviour of France, came to life at the last meeting of the Cercle Français through a talk by Miss Marguerite C. McKelligett. The little saint herself, in stone, sat pensively in the corner gazing at the May Street landscape, not unlike the pastoral scenes of her native France, from whence her grand inspiration came. The talk was illustrated by pictures showing the concepts of various artists in regard to her appearance and her personality, and was based upon Jeanne d'Arc's own words, taken from the document of the trial at Rouen.

At the previous meeting, Miss Verna White led the Cercle on an imaginary trip to France to visit its famous châteaux, via a charming account of her summer spent there, aided by photographs taken on location, reflected through the lantern.

A luncheon in the cafeteria under the general direction of Miss Phyllis Lacouture, president, will conclude the Cercle program for 1943.

SOPHOMORE SALLIES

Well, the poor Sophomores haven't been sallying forth very much lately. However, some of the favored few are still going strong, among them Margaret Halley, who has another Tech man on the string. We wish we had her secret for keeping so many men for such a long time without becoming confused. Eli's still with us via his postal cards (those cartoons were somethin') and letters. The S1's have established a new record for speed in getting changed after gym. That class with Dr. Winslow finds them in various stages of dress. And speaking of Dr. Winslow, I doubt if he'll ever forget St. Patrick's day . . . It seems that the S2's were having a fest so one smart colleen decided to write in bright green ink. I wouldn't be surprised if Dr. Winslow saw shamrocks after correcting the papers. Lillian Messier, Eva Frazier, and Betty Kennedy certainly love their bus driver—just ask them! After the recent assembly, our non-smoker friends classified the rest of us into categories as demonstrated by Miss Kirby. Gosh, weren't we surprised to see ourselves as others see us!

Well the dance has come and gone—what with geography papers or Dr. Shaw due the 5th and several tests in that hectic week it's a wonder the dance even was held. . . . But you know these remarkable sophomores . . . everything they do goes over with a bang, and you hear it all over school. . . . They're still talking about the dance and I don't blame them . . . some of us just got there by the skin of our teeth, and some of us couldn't find a man. . . . Of course Lois and Herbe were there, along with Margaret and Mike, Dot and Bud, Eva and Jimmy, Katharine and Jack, and Marie and John. . . . We couldn't help but reminisce about other dances which have come and gone, but this time, with the O.P.A. watching for C stickers, some of us walking, and others piled six deep in a car, we really hit a big high.

In the Mail

Ed. Note: (The following are excerpts from letters that poured in following the publication of the Alumni issue of the Acorn. *It was "good" to hear from so many alumni. Space does not permit the printing of all letters and so it is the first that arrived that have been selected.)*

"The Acorn with its first alumni page and interesting news items reached me in the morning mail. Immediately I did what often graduates of our old S.N.S. in their letters to Mr. Russell which he occasionally read in part or their entirety to us, told of their doing, viz.—dropped all household cares just where they were and read from the first to the last page."

Mrs. George Preston

"Receiving the copy of the Acorn was certainly a very pleasant surprise. It was my first knowledge that such a publication had been inaugurated at the college. Since this newspaper seems like the best way to keep in contact with my Alma Mater and classmates, I'd appreciate your listing me as a subscriber."

Mary Coologhan, '41

"The April 16th issue of the Acorn has come to me—a good presenting. Associations in the pages makeup are of course aside from us of the '70's. But we of the Seventh Class recall enduringly the gifted source of imparting by E. Harlow Russell.

Eugene Bacon

"Just a note to thank you for the Alumni edition of the Acorn and to tell you I think it is a grand publication. Although some distance from S.T.C., I was glad to catch up on the recent happenings."

Bettie Valencia, '42
(Bettie Bennett)

"I have enjoyed the copies of the Acorn more than I can say. I congratulate you and your staff on your good work. The Alumni number will be appreciated by all of us."

Florence G. Holden

"I was so delighted when I received the Acorn—and thank you so much for it. I am still re-reading it with much pleasure. May I be so 'conceited' as to enclose three of my poems."

Ruth Hill Logan, '11

To My Son

When you come home,
My heart will cease to ache—
The sun will shine again—so warm,
When you come home again—
The stars at night again will shine so bright
And our sad home again will have its light—
Sending forth a welcome message to our friends—
That you are home with me—again.

May

When May comes smiling o'er the hills
And laughing leaps across the rills,
She beckons me from study's nook,
To leave my worries and my books,
And at the world to take a look,
In mirrored lakes and running brooks.

Ruth Hill Logan

"Schools are no better than the teachers they employ."

The Clash of Two Environments

By Dr. Luis A. Robayo

It is only sixty days since my arrival to this half Continent. As if I should have chosen unconsciously my final destination, suddenly I found myself in a land of Spanish history and tradition: "East Florida", which reminds me of Ponce de León. Here I am in one of its cities—Gainesville, the taciturn and pensive city like a holy-ground. Two alternative rhythms involve its life: convent and barrack. Wherever one moves, he is encountered and shelter by palms covered with moss, as the shadow to the body. Almost all the cities of this State have the same pattern and type—full of a host of houses. Here can live only the rich of mind or the rich of money. This spot recalls to me two events: Robinson Crusoe's Adventure and the New Harmony community experienced in this very American land by Robert Owen. The first, because here one lives disconnected from the rest of mankind in a steady struggle to overcome his environment. The second, because social interchange with women is practically abolished due to the overwhelming minority of girls living here. Besides, in direct contrast there are more churches than people, so one has little choice but to become religious.

Work has levelled the condition of everybody. In work all are equal and companions. Work is a great honor and the device of the material progress.

Order, cleanliness, quietness preside the life in these cities.

Restaurants are imbibed of a rather endless and monotous music, of rough symphony.

In shops of 5 and 10 cents everything is offered to the public for nothing but when one goes out he always pays more than 10 cents.

Now something about "Fraternities", or better called: "Non-Democratic Centers" named with Greek letters from Alpha to Omega. These organizations are rather a secret conventicle of the "Chosen students" according to a certain arbitrary measurement of affinity in souls, knowledge, money, beliefs, etc., etc. This elite lives for and by itself. These fraternal brothers are misanthropists.

When one looks in "East Florida" a negro or colored person, or better said an equal human being, exactly as the blond or red American, and observes the treatment given to him as well as the chances of cultural and economic betterment, one immediately faces this question: is democracy a universal concept or is it a different thing in each country, regarding the color of the skin or of the hair.

Here everything reaches its highest record of speed. Velocity in speaking. Rash haste in eating; one sometimes eats numbers or quantities instead of qualities. Celerity in working. Parsimony in greeting. Fastness in walking. Everything rushes out into a dizziness of full speed and nervousness.

Individualistic life prevails everywhere. The sense of human solidarity is still beyond the American screen. Happiness, richness, comfort, a nation classless and powerful inside and outside and many other factors, hinder in some way the North American people to understand the sarcasm and profound contrast of the life in other latitudes. I have been stupefied and struck by this new environment and asked myself: Why is happiness, at least terrestrial and ephemeral, an inheritance of a few nations?

Finally comes to my mind Tampa. This is a busy city in ship-building for sea war, and in manufacturing the best cigars for the smokers all over the world. In its heart is still standing a manorial University of Morisco architecture. This spot has kept almost intact language, religion, tradition and customs of the ancient Kingdom of Spain, to such a point that there are many Americans that do not speak English but a fairly good Spanish language.

Everywhere there are men-soldiers, indefatigable as fighters for Democracy.

Here is closed a rapid episode of the American life lived and felt by a Latin American.

(Ed. note—Remember Miss Brine who spoke to us on "Peru"? This article was written by the friend she mentioned. He is studying at the University of Florida, Bev 2494, if you're interested.)

22 CONVICTS AND THE CLASS OF '43

Imagine the surprise of our erstwhile Seniors when on arriving in New York they opened the daily tabloid with trembling fingers, hoping to see a hearty welcome from the "Little Flower" or at least his Secretary, and saw only the following headline: "22 Convicts Escape from Prison." A few courageous ones continued to read further and found that it concerned convicts from the Atlanta, Georgia, prison.

The Return of a Teacher

I am a teacher who left teaching last spring to get a job in Washington. As I stepped from the train at Union Station and as I walked through the depot, where one sees more tired people than in any other place in the world, I beheld the national capitol building, the dome shining like a jewel in the spring rain. I thought: "Here is the place—the heart of the nation—where I can really do something to help things along." When I closed my books and locked my classroom door back home, I felt I was leaving a job of minor importance for one of real value to a nation at war.

It took four months of hard work for Uncle Sam to make me realize the situation in its proper perspective. As September drew near, letters came to me from different sections of the state, telling of the desperate need for teachers. Nebraska newspapers reached me, commenting on the seriousness of the situation. I was disturbed. I had reasonably important duties in a government office to perform, but on the other hand I knew that to win this war, to obtain a satisfactory world afterward, we must have teachers in our schools. Every time I looked about me in Washington, I could see the pages of history unfold. I could see men like George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and scores of others sweating and toiling to create a nation. I could see the value of human character in the upbuilding of our country.

As a teacher I had a part in the formation of that character. As an office worker, I was a cog in a machine. Every time I thought of my locked classroom, I knew that I had locked my heart behind the closed doors. I was merely a mechanical man, moving much like these same figures in the funny books I had seen my students pack around under their arms. Every time I stepped into the Library of Congress or into the Smithsonian Institution, I saw something which reminded me of my unfinished work in the school.

Moreover, I was learning every month that my higher salary was being spent to meet a more than much higher cost of living. I was doing a job another person could do, at no increase in my savings, and at a real loss in personal satisfaction. My place in Washington could be filled; my place in the Nebraska schools was still open. My decision brought me immense relief. I resigned my post in Washington. I came back to the Nebraska schools.

The fall term is ended. Every day I am more convinced that I am where I belong; where I can make less money, it is true, but where I can save more; where I am the happiest; where I am of the most service.

The eager youngsters who pass in and out of my classroom doors will have to suffer for the mistakes of this generation; I am convinced that the greatest contribution I can make to my country now is to prepare them for the difficulties of their adult life. If in the years of peace that follow this war I am asked, "What did you contribute toward our victory?" I shall be glad and proud to answer, "I was a teacher."

—Beulah I. Hilblink of the Gothenburg (Nebraska) Public Schools, in the *Nebraska Educational Journal.*

Under the Black Drape

By Eleanor De Mille, '43

The portrait photographer under his black drape has the look of an ostrich who has buried his head in the sand. (It has always amused me.)

But between the bird and the man there is a simple difference. The ostrich can't see you but the photographer can. Since you are thinking he is under the drape to adjust some silly bit of mechanism, you are probably shaking your fist at him for the uncomfortable pose he put you in. He is probably staring at you dead-eyed from the depths of his armor and killing himself laughing.

But he pops out looking like the sphinx though much more professional. You're horribly stiff. Not liquor, not gout, not rigor mortis. Just rigor horrors. He bids you fold your hand loosely. They clutch each other. They're cold. (Nerves, I guess.) He pulls them apart for you. They collapse.

Now he bids you to look into a light. You stare, blink, and squint, as when the doctor looks down your throat with a miner's lamp. (Also known as a bug-eye.) He clutches his single tuft of hair. He must be psychological. He tells you a joke you heard last year on the wax program. You smile. It's awful. He looks heavenward in desperation and trips over a cord. Swears gently. You roar, but he doesn't take the picture; he's sitting on the floor.

Things are pretty much relaxed now. He has stopped fussing; he just snaps you. You try to look important and like your favorite screen star in "His Favorite Moment". You're soon breezed out of the chair and into the outer office. He tells you to sit down a moment and he will give you a receipt for your deposit.

It's a big moment. In fact it's several moments. You don't notice. Mrs. Loftover has arrived with her marcel. It's so close to her head, you think it's sculptured ivory. (Poor pun.) She demands to be taken immediately although her appointment is for an hour and a half hence. Three other customers bow to $50,000.

Forty minutes pass. They return—she like a vision of victory, he slightly wilted. You get your receipt.

You return a week later for the proofs. Mrs. Loftover has beat you there this time. She is demanding a retouch job that makes camouflaging an airfield a cinch. She wants two chins removed, etc., etc. She orders half a dozen pictures.

You get your proofs. They're terrible. But your only wish is to escape. The man you hold responsible is droning something about a dozen small ones in frame, a dozen large ones, and a colored enlargement. You say, "Yes, yes." He's telling you what good proofs they are. You don't mind a lie. You stare at yourself. Awful, but you always did hate the truth!

Dear Molly

By Esther Lipnick

There was the pipe on the end table, just where Bob had left it Saturday night. And all the familiar and loved things, so carefully selected, so dearly paid for with twenty years of work, hers and John's. The venetian blinds, the damask drapes, the Persian rug, the antique vase, the Louis XIV chair. That pipe, like a magnet it pulled her gaze back to it where it reposed so casually, so coolly like its owner. The sight of it brought Molly back to the crumpled piece of paper that lay before her. That scrap of paper that spelled defeat—defeat to twenty years of work—defeat to an English pipe and its associations. This was the beginning of the end, and it caused Molly to do a rare thing. She put her head down between her hands and wept.

Such a mean, preposterous thing to do! The sobs racked her large body and the tears fell over her large plain face. The events of the day, the events of the past twenty years, the events of her whole life, reviewed themselves before her like little tin soldiers clicking their heels. This was how a drowning person felt. Gradually the sobs subsided, and spent and heartsick, she dried her eyes and for the hundredth time read, "We regret to inform you that you will not be permitted to renew the lease on your apartment which expires next month. The disturbance caused by a party in your home last Saturday night is responsible for our decision."

M. A. Wellington.

Molly didn't have a college education, had never heard of psychology, but she understood people. She saw the venomous hatred and jealousy that had prompted the move. The jealousy of Elisa Wellington, the scrawny, ugly classmate of her Effie. Jealous of her Effie's blonde head, which was the envy of the whole Secretarial School. Her Effie, who could command all eyes when she walked down the street; who could cross her legs and smoke a cigarette as though she were a deb posing for cold cream, or linen, or maybe just cigarettes. This was her daughter, the daughter for whom she had scrimped and saved for years on Bennington Avenue so she might some day move to Wellington Heights, send her daughter to school, make of her the lady she had never had the opportunity to become. Make of her a lady so she might some day meet someone like Bob. Now the thought of moving back to Bennington, with its smoky mills, children playing on the streets, and her daughter's losing Bob sent a chill through her body and black spots jumped before her eyes. It was this way that Effie found her. Frightened, she ran to her mother and cried, "Molly, what is it? Is it, John?"

Silently, Molly handed her the notice and searched her daughter's face as she read it. "But, I can't understand it: It says we've got to move, but, darling, why cry?'

"Oh, don't you know what it means?" Molly asked, beginning to cry again.

"It means—Oh, dear, Molly," and her face broke into a happy, dreamy smile.

"Effie! Why do you look so happy about it all?"

"Oh, Molly! I hope you won't be angry with me. It means that I can marry Bob!"

"Marry, Bob!" Molly gazed at her daughter as though she were mad.

"Yes, he was afraid before that he couldn't give me a home like this. Like the one I'd been accustomed to. You see, he lives right near his work. He's a chemist on Bennington Avenue!"

"Learn only how the ignorant may learn; how the innocent may be preserved; the vicious reclaimed. Go forth and teach this people!"—Horace Mann.

The one about the man who was driving and was stopped by a policeman who asked where his number plates were. "I don't need them," he said, "I know my number by heart."